# The Nation

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## The Week

President Taft's acceptance of the offer of a professorship from Yale University is another answer to the question: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" As in the case of Mr. Cleveland at Princeton, it is an altogether satisfactory one. Nothing could be more dignified than such a professorship, and certainly no one who has been through the hurly-burly of a White House term could fail to find the quiet and the opportunity for contemplation and study afforded by a university as delightful and refreshing a contrast as he could wish. Mr. Taft will have, as did Mr. Cleveland, a much larger audience than that which comes to hear him at New Haven, and opportunities for public service will not be lacking, should he desire them. This is far better than that Mr. Taft should retire on a pension, whether provided by Congress or Mr. Carnegie or anybody else., At least, so it would have been felt till lately. But times are changing, and every one is coming to believe that somebody else owes him a pension by the time he reaches seventy. Certainly, the sight of Mr. Taft engaged in vigorous intellectual effort and earning adequate financial support thereby is in every way a better example for the country than would be his settling down at his ease somewhere on $25,000 a year.

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Complete returns of the Presidential election are now available. Instead of a falling off of about 400,000 in the total vote, there was a gain of about 150,000 as compared with the vote of 1908, the totals being (in round numbers) 15,040,000 and 14,890,000, respectively. If allowance be made, however, for the women added to the voting population in California and Washington, and for the addition of Arizona and New Mexico to the list of States, we must deduct a round half million or more from the vote of 1912, leaving it fully 350,000 below the vote of four years ago; whereas if the total had grown in a measure corresponding to the advance in population, there would have been an increase of something like a million instead of this decrease of 350,000. This is a curious showing, and opens up large possibilities for conjectural explanation. But any one who may essay such a task must go behind the immediate comparison, for the course of the Presidential vote is very peculiar. Thus, the total in 1892 was 12,000,000, in 1896 it rose to 14,000,000, in 1900 it was the same, in 1904 it fell to 13,500,000, and then in 1908 reached the high mark of 14,900,000. But after all is said and done, the fact stands out that, allowance made for the new woman voters, the vote in 1912 is only 3 or 4 per cent. greater than it was sixteen years ago, whereas the population has increased about 35 per cent. However, it must be remembered that the election of 1896 was quite abnormal in intensity of interest.

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Of the two prominent minor parties, the Socialists fared very well and the Prohibitionists ill. Time was when, in a situation in which either of the great parties—and especially the Republican—was in a condition of demoralization, the Prohibitionists expected to profit perceptibly by the disaffection; but their vote this year was 50,000 below that of four years ago—203,000, as against 253,000—in spite of a gain of 17,000 in California and Washington. As for the Debs vote, which went up from 421,000 to 898,000, it owes no less than 76,000 of this increase of 477,000 to its gain in California and Washington, where the Socialist vote of 1908 was almost trebled in 1912. In Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania the Debs vote was much more than doubled, and its increase in these States was 46,000, 56,000, and 47,000, respectively. In New York, the increase was only 65 per cent., and amounted to 25,000; while Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where a striking increase might have been expected, show only a very slight increase, and indeed a very small total—13,000 and 2,000, respectively, being the poll made by Debs this year in these two intensely industrial States.

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The conviction of 38 out of the 40 men accused of participation in the great dynamiting conspiracy is an event whose importance, as affecting the future of organized labor, hardly requires setting forth. When the true nature of the connection between a number of big labor-union men and the Los Angeles outrage was first brought to light, there followed a curious oscillation of opinion, both among the great labor leaders and among the devotees of humanitarianism and social service. In neither case do we mean to include all of the class in question; in both cases we do mean to include a very considerable proportion. What happened was first an outburst of indignation and resentment that charges of such atrocious conduct should be made against men high in the councils of labor; but when it became pretty evident that the charges were true, the ground was shifted to the position that though these things may have been done, yet they must not be regarded as ordinary crimes, but as the natural manifestation of social discontent. We were solemnly adjured not to exact punishment from the offenders, but rather to profit by the lesson they had taught, and set our house in order. All this now has a very far-away sound. The processes of justice went on quietly, in their ancient ways; they dealt with this crude and barbarous conspiracy just as they would have dealt with an ordinary case of burglary or assault or arson; they have come to their destined end, and the foundations of society remain unshaken by so much as the faintest tremor.

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The contemplation of this extraordinary case cannot fail to present to the mind an impressive vindication of the jury system. Not because the trial resulted in a conviction rather than an acquittal; but because this conviction, recorded as the unanimous judgment of twelve men taken out of the general mass of citizens by a process carefully designed to insure fairness and impartiality, carries weight of a sort which no other method yet suggested could supply. It is impossible to suppose that these thirty-eight men would have been declared guilty by the united judgment of those twelve plain Americans unless the evidence of their guilt had been conclusive. The judgment of no judge, nor of any group of judges, would be accept-

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ed by all classes with the same confidence in its freedom from bias or animus. Still plainer is it that if the law required anything less than a unanimous verdict, the moral effect of the conviction would be disastrously impaired. There are evils connected with the jury system, there are often exasperating consequences from the requirement of unanimity; but in the things which count most, in the things which affect profoundly the whole relation of the community to the law, the benefits of the trial of criminal cases by jury, and of the requirement of unanimity for a verdict in them, vastly outweigh any disadvantages.

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Pennsylvania politics these days is enough to make Senator Quay turn in his grave. Instead of a caucus at Harrisburg, in which ambitions to be Speaker may conveniently be killed in accordance with the will of the boss, the fight this time is likely to go to the floor of the House, and nobody will venture a prediction of the result. Distressing as it is to all patriotic citizens, the erstwhile reform partners, Flinn and Magee, differ as to who should be Speaker, and it is even said that Magee may throw his strength to a third candidate, who comes from Philadelphia and is put forward by the Vare brothers, those famous representatives of the contractor-politician type of public man. Any one of the various rival groups is ready to stay out of the caucus if its ends will be served by such a course. The situation is further complicated by the fact that many Representatives ran upon both Washington party and Republican tickets, and so are in a position to be independent of any of the would-be dictators. To the triple division of the Republicans, the Democrats oppose a united front, and will fight for a legislative programme of their own. The net result of these divisions should be to make the attitude of Gov. Tener unusually important, and he has already announced his determination to use his veto unsparingly.

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Gov. Wilson's commendation of the Court of Pardons as an institution will carry weight. He has just been wrestling with what is undeniably one of the most trying, if not quite the most trying, of all the responsibilities with which a Governor is charged, the decision of the question of life or death, of freedom or confinement, in scores of individual cases pressed upon his attention for the most diverse possible reasons. He feels that, in the exercise of this most delicate function, the conclusions arrived at by the Court of Pardons are of the greatest public use, these being based, he says, on conscientious and capable inquiry by the members of the court. There are considerations that can be urged on the other side, but the *prima facie* case in favor of the creation of some body charged with the duty of systematic inquiry into the merits of applications for pardon is very strong.

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In aid of the bill to pay the National Guard of the several States out of the Federal Treasury, the Adjutant-General of New York has officially issued to the Guard of this State a pamphlet explaining the bill, giving in twenty-six pages all the reasons why it should become a law. This is characteristic of the thoroughness with which sentiment for the measure is worked up. It is done in the name of patriotism and efficiency. Do you not want an effective militia? Then, if you do, keep quiet and let us get our hands into Uncle Sam's pocketbook to the tune, at first, of eight to eleven millions of dollars, and, of course, a much larger sum later. It is surely a trifling price to pay for a real army reserve. So runs the argument. Thus it appears that, by simply paying the soldiers for attending drills, to which they now come voluntarily without pay, we shall make our militia efficient overnight.

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Now, if all the troubles of the National Guard were due to a poor attendance at drills, something might be said for this reasoning. But every one familiar with the militia knows that non-attendance at drills is not the chief evil to correct; he knows, moreover, that even if the men were paid, some of the conditions which make for non-attendance would still remain. Of the militia's many weaknesses, perhaps the two greatest are the selection and election of officers by the men in the ranks and political interference with the Guard. Is there the slightest belief anywhere that the paying of the troops by the Federal Government will remove politics from the militia? It is much more likely to intensify the struggle for the places of importance. So long, moreover, as the election of officers continues, a chief source of inefficiency will remain intensified by the desire of an officer, who may be in pecuniary need or pecuniarily ambitious, to succeed his captain or his major. Again, it is asserted that pay would attract "well-educated young men" and a "better class of men." We have no mean opinion of our present citizen soldiers; on the contrary, we cannot see how one dollar a week would be an inducement to any more young collegians or high-school graduates to join. A man goes into the militia either because of a patriotic desire to serve the State, or because he desires a club, regular exercise, and the fun of wearing a uniform and going to camp.

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The indictment of President Mellen of the New Haven and Messrs. Chamberlin and Smithers of the Grand Trunk, under the conspiracy clause of the Anti-Trust law, brings up some peculiar and novel questions—in addition to the fact that the prosecution will be of persons on a criminal charge. It is undoubtedly true that if a "combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade" was carried out by the managers of these competing railways, the offence was committed after the law had been defined, interpreted, and applied by the highest court, and not, as in the Northern Securities and the Southern Pacific cases, for instance, when its interpretation was in doubt. On the other hand, the present case is not on all fours with any case previously adjudicated. The Grand Trunk was not bought up by the New Haven, and, on the basis of the final agreement, not even the Grand Trunk's Vermont extension was to be sold to the New Haven—though that seems originally to have been contemplated. The formal basis of the agreement affected the joint interchange of business by each of the two companies over the lines of the other, including the New Haven's promise "to protect Grand Trunk, in every way in its power, in its present differential rates from New England points and such new territory as it is proposed to open up to it."

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The Government will presumably contend, first, that the real purpose of the companies was indicated in the original

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agreement, whereby the Grand Trunk was to sell its New England lines to the New Haven; secondly, that the admitted abandonment of the Grand Trunk's work on the proposed competing extensions in New England was the real condition for the final understanding. But as regards the latter consideration, the case will differ materially from previous anti-Trust cases, in that the New Haven's competitor merely ceased to extend its facilities for competition. If the Grand Trunk officers testify that their company's financial condition had not warranted continuance of the expenditure on the new extensions, or that the money market was such that the requisite capital could not be raised, then the argument that abandonment of the new extensions was a result of conspiracy will not be so easy to maintain. As it happens, there is ground for both the above contentions in the known situation of the day. In the absence of any documentary evidence that the extensions were abandoned because of counter-offers from the New Haven, the Government's case would be limited in scope to the nature of the agreement as to rates and division of traffic, made after the Grand Trunk's decision to stop its new construction. Much more than any of the recent leading anti-Trust cases, therefore, this case will have to be settled on the basis of the evidence. Popular disapproval of the New Haven's methods, and popular agitation over the conduct of that road, must not prevent the general public from giving full and fair consideration to such evidence—especially when, as on this occasion, the criminal clauses of the law have been distinctly invoked.

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Little by little, scholarship is picking up courage to defend itself against the pretensions of athletics. It now advances the claim that its representatives outlive those of its great rival activity. The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* has compiled the vital statistics of the classes from 1860 to 1884, and it finds that in 1910 the percentage of deaths among these 3,500 individuals was 30.41. But the percentage for the elected members of Phi Beta Kappa was only 27.51. Moreover, since the 3,500 include the 719 "first scholars," the real advantage of the latter in respect of longevity is not shown until we get the percentage for these classes exclusive of their Phi Beta Kappa members. This is 31.69, and thus it appears that the expectation of life for a Phi Beta Kappa man, at Harvard at least, is markedly greater than that of his unkeyed classmate. To complete the triumph, the *Magazine* goes on to point out that it is gained in spite of the fact that very few Phi Beta Kappa men were athletes during their undergraduate days, and that in after life they have won something more than longevity. "The list bears the names of a President and Vice-President of the United States; of several Governors, Ambassadors, and Cabinet officers; of half a dozen college and university presidents . . .; of financiers, bankers, and heads of railroads and other corporations . . .; of judges of the United States and other Supreme Courts; of lawyers, physicians, and surgeons of national reputation; of many professors and deans; of many authors and editors; of the leading American engineer of his time; and of theologians, preachers, and philanthropists."

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No valid reason exists why Edward F. Mylius should be refused admission to this country because of his conviction in England of having published a libel against the King. If the story of George V's rumored secret marriage had been brought forward by Mylius with a view to blackmail, his conviction would undoubtedly have involved the element of moral turpitude, on the basis of which he might be deported from our shores. But it seems plain that the publication of the story was in the nature of a political act. It was done avowedly to discredit the British monarchy, and was printed in a British anti-monarchical paper published in Paris. This attack on the King was in execrable taste and, as the evidence adduced tended to show, baseless. But, after all, the violation of good taste in political fighting is not a crime. The English people are themselves jealous enough of the right of political asylum not to interpret the admission of Mylius into this country in any but the proper light.

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The secret of long life has been revealed by Admiral Dewey: Join the navy, force your way into a mine-protected harbor, and attack the enemy's ships at their moorings, and keep away from public banquets. The 12-inch gun has slain its thousands, but the ill-cooked lobster has rendered *hors de combat* its tens of thousands, thus showing that peace, too, hath her heroes and her victims. It is not given to all of us to die in behalf of a great cause, but every citizen is privileged to incur indigestion in defence of his principles, a privilege which he hastens to put into use with remarkable persistence. Yet the fatalities which mark the history of public feeding do not constitute its worst reproach. The greater harm consists in the undigested ideas, in the wild-eyed pronunciamentos, in the hitherto unsuspected "truths," which every well-regulated public dinner is bound to liberate, thereby endangering the education of the young and destroying the reputation for sobriety of many respectable citizens. Bad food and poor talk are a combination fatal to the soundest human system. It has been written.

> Avoid the groaning board, my son,
> The devilled crab, the Melbaed peach,
> But, deadliest of all, avoid
> The after-dinner speech.

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The territorial demands formulated by the representatives of the Balkan states in the London peace conference would restrict Turkey in Europe to the triangle included between a base line drawn from Midia, on the Black Sea, to Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus. The Sultan's European possessions would be reduced from more than 65,000 square miles to a pittance of less than 2,000 square miles. Worse, however, than this severe amputation is the fact that, under such an arrangement, Constantinople would be absolutely at the mercy of the Bulgarians established at Rodosto. If Bulgaria is kept outside of the Dardanelles, there might be, in the case of a future war, something of a chance for the Turks, guarded as they would be on the land side by the Tchatalja fortifications, and on the sea by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. To accept the allies' demand would be to leave Constantinople to exist entirely on sufferance. It is not to be supposed that the allies will insist on getting all they have asked for in the first breath. They are simply following the traditional form of diplomatic haggling. It is also premature to speak of a failure of negotiations. The difference between 65,000 square miles and 2,000 square miles is large enough to permit bargaining and concessions.

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*BRYAN ON SENIORITY.*

We think that the rumors of Mr. Bryan already opening war on President Wilson are, as Mark Twain said of the report of his death, "much exaggerated." The *Commoner* editorial calling upon the Democrats in Congress to "struggle" against reactionaries, was probably written before the editor's interview with Mr. Wilson. If after, it is conceivable that he was expressing views in which the President-elect shares. The latter knows something about government by committees in Congress, as witness his early book on that subject, and possibly may feel as strongly as Mr. Bryan that the men placed in leading positions in the new Congress should not be there simply because they have long years of public service behind them. Why do not some of the ingenious commentators on Mr. Bryan's declaration against the rule of seniority see in it a purpose to relieve Wilson of trouble? Mr. Bryan himself is now a senior, and if all seniors are to be made to take a back seat, may we not conclude that he, far from seeking a Cabinet portfolio, will decide not to linger superfluous on the stage? If it is a question of interpretations too clever by half, this is as well worth considering as the others.

The real question which Mr. Bryan has raised respecting the organization of Congress deserves serious consideration. It has both its general and its individual aspects. For many years the rule of seniority has prevailed in Congress. Men longest there get the best committee assignments. This used to be pointed out as the chief reason for the extraordinary influence of the Maine Congressional delegation. That State kept sending the same Senators and Representatives, term after term; and time did the rest. Nor is this mere routine or rule of thumb. There is sound reason for the preference, in general, of the experienced man. All other business goes on that principle, and why should not the public business? Of course, there must be limits to its application, even when we are dealing with the matter abstractly. Lord Rosebery speaks somewhere, referring to men in office, of "that seniority which often spells senility." Against that, whatever system is adopted has always to be on its guard. The cases of difficulty are not very frequent, but are admittedly perplexing. It must have been very hard, for example, for his colleagues on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to sign a letter, as they did years ago, notifying a brother-judge of great age that his powers had obviously failed and that he ought to resign.

It is, however, the particular situation in Congress that is at present debated. The objection is not so much to old men as to wrong-headed men. It is not merely new blood that is desired, but new ideas. The point is made that the Democratic party is committed to certain policies, borne in on the tide of recent popular sentiment, and that some of the older Democrats in Congress are not sufficiently in sympathy with them. Only on that ground is the demand made that the rule of seniority shall be no longer left supreme. There is undeniably force in this, so far as a few special cases are concerned. Look, for instance, at the existing Committee on Finance in the Senate. This is the committee which will have most to do with shaping bills for revising the tariff. The ranking Democratic Senator is Bailey, but he is shortly to retire. Next to him comes Senator Simmons, of North Carolina. Under the old plan, he would be made chairman, when the Senate becomes Democratic. But he is known as a half-protectionist. He would fight tooth and nail—in committee room, at least—in favor of keeping every grain of protection which North Carolina industries think they enjoy. Plainly, he is not the ideal chairman for a committee entrusted with carrying out Democratic tariff pledges. Farther down the list stands the name of Senator Williams. All impartial men must agree that he would be a far better chairman than Simmons; and if the rule of seniority prevents it, so much the worse for the rule.

In the House, seniority has not been so absolutely dominant as in the Senate. Moreover, under the reformed procedure, committee chairmen are not appointed by the Speaker, but elected by the party caucus. Yet it is curious to observe how, even in such a choice, seniority prevails. Mr. Underwood holds the most important chairmanship; he has been continuously in Congress for eighteen years. The chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Clayton, has been a Congressman for sixteen years. Mr. Sulzer, at the head of the Foreign Affairs Committee, had eighteen years of service in Congress behind him. It has often been said that it is ridiculous to have a man of his kind in charge of such an important committee. But glance down the list of his Democratic colleagues, and find a fitter chairman if you can. Would it be Mr. Garner, of Texas, or Mr. Difenderfer, of Pennsylvania? Who would dare to say? Even a party caucus, even Mr. Bryan himself, with a perfectly free hand, could not make bricks without straw.

That truth will be very evident in the next House. The large and unwieldy Democratic majority will contain great numbers of untried men. In the nature of the case, they will not be pushed to the front. Call it seniority or what you will, something will dictate placing in the most influential positions members who are familiar with the procedure, who have gone through the mill, who know what to do and how to do it. Viewed in that light, seniority means common sense. It is also to be remembered that a man of real force is not long overlooked in Congress. Senator O'Gorman, though a "new man" in the Senate, was soon charged with important committee assignments. And there are other ways of making talent and power felt. It was long a just reproach to the Republicans, before they lost the House, that they had organized it without brains at the top. Cannon and Payne and Dalzell undertook to lead, but they were not the men whom the House heard gladly, or recognized as the real intellect of the party. That is the task of all successful party management—to get to the front the men who ought to be there. Merit is often connoted by seniority, and when that is the case, the rule of seniority is a good one; but if it implies keeping in high positions men of Bourbonish mind, who have ceased to think or to grow, there ought to be a way of making the rule more honored in the breach than in the observance.

*UNCLE SAM AND HIS COMPETITORS.*

"Loeb Quitting to Go with the Guggenheims"—that was an interesting bit of news to relieve the noiseless tenor of the Christmas morning newspaper headlines. The plain prose of the matter is, doubtless, simply that Mr. Loeb is going to take hold of his new work for the same reason that led him to take

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hold of the New York Collectorship—that he feels the place will give him a chance for the exercise of great abilities as an organizer and administrator. But there is poetry in the thing, too—tragic or comic, as you will. For here is Mr. Roosevelt's pupil and right-hand man, his trusty and well-beloved personal aide in the White House, passing directly from the service of the people to the service of the arch-enemy of the people. There are malefactors and malefactors, but Guggenheim is a magic name that spells more kinds of malefactor of great wealth than any other that can be produced. In his recent campaign the Colonel used the word as a sort of handy abridgment of his whole vocabulary of condemnation. Lorimer was good for some purposes, Penrose for some, Archbold for some, but Guggenheim was always in order. From stealing of lands to stealing of conventions, there was nothing rotten in the country or in the Republican party but Guggenheim was its crowning embodiment. One does not know whether to laugh or to weep at the thought that the man who for seven years was in the closest possible association with the apostle of righteousness should have selected for his future work, out of all the possibilities before him, the serving of the Guggenheim interests.

But, except for this singular conjuncture of personalities, Mr. Loeb's transfer of activities is far from exceptional. Indeed, it is the very thing that one expects in the case of any servant of the national Government who has successfully filled a difficult post. High Treasury officials have, in recent years, been pretty steadily gravitating towards the great places in the business world; and even in the case of men whose administrative power, or skill in dealing with men, has been displayed in fields having no relation to finance or commerce, openings in high financial or business capacities have been found awaiting them when, either of their own motion or because of a change in the Presidency, they were ready to relinquish their official posts. That there are instances in which the attraction of great pecuniary emoluments has of itself drawn away from the public service men whose abilities it was unfortunate that the country could not continue to command, is undeniable; but there is no way in which, as a matter of practical fact, this can be avoided. The Government should offer salaries that do not too grossly fall short of those that can be commanded by men of ability in private enterprises; but it cannot undertake to compete, upon a purely pecuniary basis, with the great rewards which, in these days of gigantic interests, special ability can command in the world of business. It must rely in large part on the attraction which the idea of public service presents, reinforced, as this has so strikingly been in a number of instances, by the extraordinary advantage, in the way of general recognition and consequent advancement either in public office or in private undertakings, offered by the possibilities of effective work in the Government service. Of course, as regards the highest posts in that service—Cabinet offices, judgeships, and others—the appeal to honorable ambition and to patriotic feeling must ever be thought of as the dominant factor.

There is one aspect of this steady stream of able public officers going back into private life which deserves special consideration from a very practical standpoint. While a considerable part of the movement is inevitable, there is another large part which could be avoided, to the great gain of the public service. If all the highest posts except those that involve questions of policy affected by a change of the national Administration were held upon a permanent tenure, there would be an attraction in the Government service, all the way down the line, which at present it does not at all hold out for men of ability and ambition. The beneficial result of such a change would be many-sided. Men in the lower ranks in a given department of work would feel that it was worth while to train for mastery of that field. Those who had reached the top would feel far less disposed than at present to cast about for a private opening. And, what would in many cases be the most important of all, the accumulated experience and special skill of these permanent officers would be ever at the call of the Government when difficult questions came up for consideration.

In retiring from the Collectorship of the port of New York, Mr. Loeb can look back upon four years of hard work ably done. The distinguishing feature of his administration of the office has been the rigorous enforcement of the law without distinction of wealth, or social or political position. There are features connected with the collection of customs duties from travellers which are offensive in the highest degree and a standing humiliation to Americans coming back to their native land; and it is possible that Mr. Loeb has not done all that could be done to keep this nuisance within bounds. But the nuisance is essentially in the law itself; and as for cases of actual smuggling, whether by persons in business or by wealthy travellers, Mr. Loeb deserves the highest praise for his persistent and vigorous enforcement of the law.

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### *THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP.*

The coming election of a successor to Senator Crane is rousing great interest in Massachusetts. For this there is good reason. The Senatorship was all that the Republicans were able to save in the November election. They lost the Governorship again, and had the mortification of seeing the electoral vote of their State go to a Democratic Presidential candidate for the first time in more than fifty years. And it is obvious that with all these signs of demoralization thick upon the party, its way of filling the Senatorship still at its disposal will be of great significance. One thing that broke the power of the Republicans in Massachusetts was the arrogance of their party machine. Will it now endeavor to dictate the naming of a Senator? There is also the acute controversy over the question whether a Senatorial caucus is to be called to decide the matter. This plan is vigorously denounced by many Republicans, especially those from western Massachusetts. All told, the campaign is agitating the State to almost as great a degree as did Lodge's fight for reëlection a year ago. A sign of the widespread interest in the result is the open letter, on the Senatorial situation, written by Mr. Charles Francis Adams to Mr. Frederick W. Eaton, Representative in the Legislature from the town in which Mr. Adams lives.

Mr. Adams naturally adopts the honorable Massachusetts tradition respecting her Senators. It is not for him a question of party control or machine politics, but of worthily representing

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the State at Washington. He also dwells on the value of legislative experience and of prestige acquired at the capital; and for these reasons, in combination with the argument from ability and character, strongly favors the election of Congressman McCall. Mr. McCall does, indeed, more nearly than any of his competitors avowedly in the field, measure up to the best names on the historic roster of Massachusetts Senators. He has served longer than Congressman Weeks, and has gained a higher repute than he for breadth of view and courage of convictions. As between Mr. McCall and Mr. Walker, defeated for the Governorship, or Mr. Plunkett, of Adams, known chiefly as a rich manufacturer and party committeeman and contributor, or the as yet unnamed "business man" whom the machine is expected to produce as its candidate, there is really no comparison. If the election were to be decided in accordance with the old Massachusetts standards, there is little doubt that Samuel W. McCall would be the choice of the State.

Since Senator Hoar's death, Massachusetts has been badly off for Senators of the former type. Senator Crane has played a highly influential rôle in party management and in the inner politics of the Senate, but has done it as one in the background. No one would ever know that he had enlightened views or was able to defend them by tongue or pen. Senator Lodge can both speak and write. And by seniority he has risen to a considerable position in the Senate. But his reputation there and in Massachusetts is what it is. In his own State he has made himself thoroughly disliked; his party machine has fallen into extreme odium; he was re-elected against strong protests, and it is generally believed that his present term in the Senate will be the last. He himself seems to be of that mind, for he has begun to publish his reminiscences. Yet so well-read a man as he must be aware of the saying of Henri Rochefort, when asked to write *his* reminiscences, that a public man is never approached with that request until people think he is no longer good for anything else.

There is a special reason why Congressman McCall should at this time be particularly favored for the Massachusetts Senatorship. In addition to personal dignity and independence, a cultivated mind, ability as a debater and speaker, and a long legislative experience, he deserves recognition as one of the earliest Republicans in Congress to distrust and oppose Theodore Roosevelt. In the heyday of the latter's power, Mr. McCall showed that he did this. And it nettled President Roosevelt intensely. He did not like it that the Representative in Congress whom Harvard and Cambridge were steadily reëlecting should let it be known that he had confidence neither in the motives nor in the policies of the son of Harvard. President Roosevelt betrayed his exasperation with Congressman McCall on many occasions, sometimes humorously. He once said to the late Vice-President Sherman, "Jim, do you want to do me a favor?" "Certainly, Mr. President." "Then go and kill Sam McCall, and I will grant you a full pardon, as I have power to do in the District of Columbia." In all seriousness, however, Mr. McCall anticipated many in finding Mr. Roosevelt out. No one has brought a sharper criticism to bear upon his dangerous notions and unsettling practices. And if the great Republican struggle in Massachusetts this year was—as it undoubtedly was—to beat off the assaults of Roosevelt, to save the party from being trampled under the hoofs of the Bull Moose, what man could it more fittingly put forward now than the one who began the fight before the party did—Congressman McCall?

The Senatorial contest in Massachusetts will attract attention from all parts of the country. There is much talk of Republican reorganization. Offensive machine leaders are to be sent to the rear. Old intriguings are to be dropped. The party will let the nation see the kind of man it delights to honor. Such is the theory of the reorganizers; what their practice is to be, Massachusetts will have an early opportunity to show. She can elect a party hack or a business lay figure; or she can choose a Senator capable of maintaining at Washington the ancient repute of the State. Her final decision will be watched for as an indication of what Massachusetts may do to purge and to restore the Republican party.

## *THE COLLEGE ATHLETE.*

However it may be with the poet, the college athlete is made as well as born. Indeed, the columns of gossip from every important football field during the autumn months might give one the impression that this precious personage is mainly the product of his coaches. A substratum of brawn is doubtless welcomed; but is not the essential thing the ability to comprehend, to remember, and to put into execution the plan of battle laid down by the great coaching strategists? Of what avail is it to be able to kick the ball for sixty yards at whatever angle one chooses, if one cannot follow the mathematics of the head coach as he delivers his chalk-talks? What does one gain by outrunning his fellows on the field, if he falls behind them at the desk? And yet, if the college athlete were altogether the work of his trainers, why should we hear disturbing reports now and then of "inducements" offered by colleges and universities to some promising preparatory student? Why should there be the problem of the athlete who stands higher with his coaches than with the Faculty? If success in this department of academic activity were conditioned upon nothing more than the obtaining and drilling of willing youths, it would now scarcely be necessary for representatives of scores of educational institutions to gather, as they gathered in New York last week, to determine ways and means for more effectively controlling college athletics.

One is forced to conclude that the college athlete is not altogether the handiwork of his coaches. Even for him, natural ability is a desirable ingredient. It may be better to have no ability except the ability to follow their instructions than to have everything else and lack that, but as things stand, there are a multitude of players who have the requisite physique, and who may quite possibly be taught the rest. Why should our college not get some of these for its team next year? Well, our college, if it is up to snuff, sees no reason why it should fly in the face of Providence in this matter, and it proceeds to do all that may become an institution of learning in the laudable endeavor to "land" its share of these husky young fellows. The ways of achieving this end are as numerous as are those who are bent

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upon achieving it. One notable coach at a famous Eastern university a dozen years ago was so fortunate as to have a brother who was teaching in a Middle Western college, attended by sinewy farmer boys. Is it any wonder that for a long period the teams of the university were built around stocky lads who came out of the West? A better known instance is that of the most famed preparatory school athlete of his day, who, as the time drew near for going to college, kept more than one university in more than one State in hot water. In the end, he went to the university whose location would naturally have been thought sufficient to decide the point, and gave it four years of brilliant achievement upon which it looks back with pride, and an occasional sigh, to this day.

It is as difficult to draw the line between proper and improper inducements to a promising athlete to go to a certain university, as it is to define the difference between speculation and gambling. Dean Briggs put his finger upon the sore spot in his opening address at the convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, when he urged the elimination of the professional spirit from college athletics. For the existence of this spirit, many causes may be responsible, but the outstanding one is the attitude of alumni. A graduate goes back to his university once a year, perhaps, meanwhile keeping track of its progress by what he finds about it in the newspapers. Now, what he is likely to see in the newspapers is either the procuring of a handsome addition to the endowment or the winning or losing of athletic contests, and what he desires to see when he makes his periodical visit to the scholastic shades of his alma mater is a new building and an athletic victory.

It is one thing for a Board of Trustees and Faculty to stand out against undergraduates; it is quite another to take a position against what seems the united voice of the alumni. Even a President of the United States has been known to forget his favorite doctrine of the square deal long enough to write the president of his university, requesting the strengthening of a crew by the restoration to it of a student who had violated a rule relating to scholastic work. The way out has for some time been seen to lie in coöperation. What one college can attempt only with difficulty, a group of colleges can do with ease—if they really wish to do it. There's the rub. Every suggestion for purifying college athletics raises the unspoken query, how will this affect my team? If those in whose hands are the reins of athletic direction could be sure that the alumni would support them in the policy of seeking genuine amateur sport first, and victory second, they would often be more inclined towards the drastic measures that are now and then needed. But the alumni should do much more than this. They should not merely set the seal of their approval upon honorable athletics, but they should be the first and most insistent in demanding that nothing else should be tolerated.

## THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association, which was held on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week, at the University of Pennsylvania, was largely attended and was generally pronounced a success. Houston Hall, where the papers were read, furnished a pleasant auditorium, with numerous lounging rooms for those informal conferences at which the destinies of past writers, as well as of oncoming scholars, are partially decided. The Local Committee had also arranged two smokers, one at the Franklin Inn, the other at the Hotel Normandie. The latter was enlivened by songs of Goethe and Heine and the old academic standbys—"Mihi est Propositum" and "Gaudeamus Igitur"; and Prof. John A. Lomax, whose specialty places him almost in the class of professional entertainers, sang some of his cowboy songs.

Many of the papers, because of their very particular interest and bearing, may be passed over. Prof. A. H. Upham, of Bryn Mawr, showed the existence in England, during the last thirty years of the seventeenth century, of a large, clearly defined reaction against the idea of woman which had been fostered by courtly immorality in England and France. Mary Astell, to whom the "Essay in Defence of the Female Sex" is doubtfully attributed, was only one of many advocates of woman's right to equal privilege in literature and learning, rather than in affairs; and the phases of the agitation ran parallel, in every case, to those of the woman movement in France.

On Thursday evening the president of the Association, Prof. C. H. Grandgent, read an address on "The Dark Ages" which enjoyed a *succès de scandale*. For at his hands the Dark Ages proved to be, not the period usually so-called, but the present day. With Charlemagne's great capacity for interest and knowledge, and his contempt for any persons not so constituted, Professor Grandgent contrasted modern tendencies. "Ours is the first age," he said, "to belie Aristotle's statement, 'all men desire to know.'" So far have we departed from that condition that few, especially in politics, can bear up under the suspicion of knowing something. A student crammed full of mere knowledge! cries the world. "In the absence of a living specimen of this sort," retorted Professor Grandgent, "let us assume one." In the literature, painting, and music of to-day he pointed out the lack of standards, due to self-confident ignorance and to total disregard of the thought of past ages. The one aim in art, as in life, is to "shock one's grandmother." Not knowledge, but power, is the slogan to-day. And as it is easier to create a stench than a sweet savor, the stronger the stench the louder is the approving cry: "How strong!" For those who desire painless methods of teaching, who insist no longer upon a robust cultivation of the memory, the speaker had the old but still serviceable warning, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and charged them with being educational cubists striving for the ideal of "four square with nothing inside." Words like these from one in Professor Grandgent's position cannot fail to have a good effect, and we may suppose that they will be reiterated by their author at certain other meetings during the year.

Supplementary to Professor Grandgent's paper was one given the following day by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe, of Columbia. He made a plea for the study of contemporary writers, and uttered a wholesome caveat against the spirit of antiquarianism. He would not neglect the work of preceding ages, but believes that in Hardy and Shaw and Kipling the student would find matter of great interest. Scholarly concentration upon men who are holding the public to-day would also furnish people with sound standards of criticism, and thus might forestall absurd literary vogues. We can imagine, too, that the machinery with which the investigation of, say, the Middle Ages is often lumbered up would experience speedy correction if it were applied to living writers.

Though not greeted in the Philadelphia press by the startling headlines which confronted Professor Cunliffe's suggestions, Dr. Percy Long's paper was almost as revolutionary. He attempted to demolish the tradition which has set up a friendship of the greatest intimacy between Sidney and Spenser. Courthope regards this friendship as the mainspring of Sidney's literary interests, Mackail traces to it, in large

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part, the flowering of Elizabethan poetry. But in point of fact no evidence of intimacy exists. When all the court mourned Sidney, Spenser remained silent; and when years later he wrote of him, he omitted any allusion to a personal relation existing between them.

Another loose tradition received the attention of Prof. C. Gauss, of Princeton, who furnished his reasons for moving the date of Rousseau's "Discours sur l'économie politique" from 1750, or a year or two later, to 1755. According to him, it was not written until after Rousseau's return from Geneva, October 10, 1754, and since it appears to be an integral part of the volume of the Encyclopædia in which it is contained, making reference to several of the other articles, Professor Gauss maintains that Rousseau's intellectual intimacy with Diderot must have lasted longer than is usually supposed. Other results of his thesis, some of them sweeping, will doubtless be worked out in due time.

Prof. F. E. Schelling took "Some Recent Applications of Demi-Science to Shakespeare" severely to task. Prof. E. S. Meyer, of Western Reserve, had an instructive paper on the employment of *Leitmotif* by writers of literature, among them Fontane, Ibsen, and Sudermann. The word itself, though usually ascribed to Wagner, was coined by Hans von Wolzogen. The paper of most popular interest was that with which the Conference concluded—Professor Lomax's on the secular songs, or "reels," of the negro, most of them having sprung directly from work on the plantation. Their naïveté, genuine pathos, and often their lyric beauty were to many in the audience a revelation. The love of the light-colored skin, self-pity because of not having enough to eat, and of not being able to get money when due—

> Nigger and a white man playing seven up,
> Nigger wins the money, white man takes it up——

are eloquent of the negro's sociological position, while the pervading humor witnesses to his capacity to be somehow happy, even on very little.

We should have been glad for a word from the Editorial Committee explaining the spelling employed in the programme. To the layman it is awful, and we doubt if the scientist would dare to call it either phonetic or reformed. By the side of "servis" we note "treatise"; "cud" has now become an auxiliary verb; why so many "e"s in "therefore"? The following officers were elected for the present year: president, Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld; vice-presidents, Profs. H. Collitz, A. H. Thorndike, and Kenneth McKenzie. In a few weeks the Council will decide upon a place for the next meeting, the chances favoring Cambridge.

## NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Fascination of Books" (Putnam), Joseph Shaylor has collected a series of papers, on book-publishing and book-selling topics, contributed by him to the *Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Publishers' Circular*, and other English periodicals. Some of his subjects are "Early Victorian Bookselling," "The Christmas Book," "The Evolution of the Bookseller," "Booksellers' Trade Dinner Sales," "The Use and Abuse of Book Titles," and "Bookselling and the Public."

In "The Christmas Book" he gives an account of the Annuals, which were so numerous and so successful for a long period, beginning about 1820. "Friendship's Offering," "The Keepsake," "The Book of Beauty," "The Gem," and the "Literary Souvenir" were among the most popular. Steel engravings by the best artists and "fugitive" poetry by forgotten writers make up the contents of these one-time favorites.

The paper on trade-dinner sales is, perhaps, the most interesting one in the volume. The publishers used to issue catalogues which were distributed among "a select number of booksellers of London and Westminster" (as the titles of some of them read), and the dinner was "on the table at half-past two o'clock precisely." After the dinner the books enumerated in the catalogue were sold to the highest bidder. Often important books were included, and thousands of copies of more popular volumes were sold. On one occasion above 19,000 copies of one book were disposed of in ten minutes, and at one of Murray's sales Thomas Tegg bought the stock of his "Family Library," 100,000, at one shilling per copy.

The essays seem, some of them, to have been written many years since, his quotations of prices obtained at auction for rare first editions being old records of ten or twenty years ago.

The Almanacs printed in Massachusetts from 1639 to 1850 are the subject of an important and careful essay and bibliography by Dr. Charles L. Nichols, of Worcester, Mass., printed by the American Antiquarian Society. Gov. John Winthrop in his diary, under date of March, 1639, chronicled the beginnings of printing in the United States in the following words:

> A printing house was begun at Cambridge by one Daye, at the charge of Mr. Glover, who died on sea hitherward. The first thing which was printed was the freeman's oath; the next was an almanac made for New England by Mr. William Peirce, Mariner; the next was the Psalmes newly turned into metre.

Of that first almanac "made for New England" no copy is now known, though it should seem from an entry in the manuscript catalogue given by Dr. Nichols ("Isaiah Thomas states that this issue and that of 1640 began with the month of March") that a copy of the little book had been seen by Thomas about a hundred years ago, and also that, although an almanac was issued from the Cambridge Press each year for the first twenty years, only seven issues are known, and each one unique. These are for the years 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1656, and 1657. The first five of these are the copies which belonged to the Rev. Samuel Hough, of Reading, Mass., by whom they were interleaved, serving him for diaries. They later passed into the possession of Samuel Sewall and remained in the Sewall family until some forty years ago, when they were acquired by George Brinley, of Hartford. At the sale of his great library the almanacs for 1646, 1647, 1648, and 1650 were purchased by the late John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, the Lenox Library being the buyer of the issue for 1649. From Mr. Thacher the four almanacs passed into the library of the late E. Dwight Church, and now belong to Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Unique copies of the almanacs for 1656 and 1657 are in the American Antiquarian Society's collection, the richest of the kind anywhere. Up to 1700 Dr. Nichols locates copies of sixty-eight different issues, of which the Society possesses forty-three; 479 issues are recorded from 1700 to 1800, of which the Society possesses 367, and 513 issues from 1800 to 1850, of which the Society has 477.

According to Isaiah Thomas, the almanac for 1639 "began with the month of March," and this was a peculiarity of all the New England almanacs until 1687. In all existing copies for this period March is given as the first month and February as the twelfth. Although the month of March was the legal beginning of the year in England until 1752, nearly all other almanacs give January as the first month and March as the third. Dr. Nichols surmises that this may have been "an effort towards absolute truthfulness of expression," or that it may have been one more proof of the desire of the people to "separate themselves, even in these ways, from those whom they left in England, for the sake of religious and personal freedom." In the earlier years of Franklin's "Poor Richard" January is put first but is called "XI Mon.," February "XII Mon.," and then comes March as "I Mon."

The astronomical calculations in these early almanacs were for the most part prepared by graduates of Harvard. Of forty-four almanacs issued before 1687, forty-one were prepared by twenty-six graduates, ten of whom were tutors in the institution. Dr. Nichols is of the opinion that the making of these calculations was a part of the preparation for the post-graduate degree of Master of Arts.

The earliest known American almanac to contain the illustration of "the man of signs" was that of 1678. This was published by John Foster, the first printer in Boston, and the cut was engraved by him. Many other interesting facts are to be learned in Dr. Nichols's essay, while his list, filling nearly one hundred pages, will be found useful for reference.

# Correspondence

## RAILWAY SAFETY AND DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With your permission, I should like to call the attention of your readers to a criticism of my opinions on management and the safety problem on railroads which you have recently printed. It is an interesting criticism, absolutely sound in its ethics and its logic. As I look at it, however, it is a challenge for information, as well as an all-around judgment or conclu-

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sion on the subject. The passage I refer to is as follows (*Nation*, December 19, 1912):

If the coercion of railway managements for the benefit of unfit employees is as bad as Mr. Fagan represents it—and we do not deny that it is—the railways are not compelled to wait for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission to disclose it. A plain statement of the case would quickly bring the influence of public sentiment to bear in favor of whatever disciplinary measures are necessary to make life and limb safe for travellers.

Now, there is just one slip of the mind or of the pen in this passage. As a matter of fact, public sentiment is not and never has been *quick* to move in supporting the superintendent and his authority on the railroads, even after "a plain statement of the case" has been widely published for the information of the American people. Public sentiment will move, and must move, in this matter before long, but it seems to be a slow process, and in my opinion a score of plain statements such as that which I now propose to make will be necessary before the railroad business in this country, especially the operating department, can be conducted on a reasonably fair and safe basis.

Take, for instance, the situation on the Pennsylvania Railroad in the years 1908 and 1909. At that time the system was threatened with a strike of large bodies of employees which promised to lead to a general "tie-up." The position and contention of the railroad in the matter can best be given in the words of W. W. Atterbury, who at the time was general manager of the lines east of Pittsburgh. His statement to the public was as follows:

There is no question of wages, hours of employment, or conditions of service at issue between the company and its men. The men are demanding, however, that when grievances or demands of a general nature are to be presented to the management, they shall have the right to go straight to the general manager, ignoring the division superintendent and the general superintendent. To agree to such a proceeding would be subversive of that discipline upon which the company relies to protect the safety of the lives and property of its patrons.

This statement and others of a similar nature were widely published at the time, without the slightest response from public sentiment.

But we need not go back to the year 1909 for illustrations and points. In the month of June, 1912, a strike vote of employees on the same railroad, that is, on the Pennsylvania, was threatened to enforce six demands, the most important of which was the following:

That engineman X be paid for time lost on account of suspension of ninety days, imposed upon him on the charge of low water in his engine.

Now, of course, if management is to be held responsible for the efficiency of the service, its authority must be recognized and supported. But in the cases I have mentioned, and in others of a similar nature, not a particle of assistance did the railroad receive either from the press or from public sentiment. Far from "quickly" bringing its influence to bear in favor of necessary measures of discipline, public opinion at the time shuffled the issues, politically tinctured, on to the board of mediators, under the Erdman act. Just what the public got for its money, so to speak, in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, can be understood from the following telephone dialogue, which almost to the letter is an exact reproduction or rehearsal of the proceedings:

Mediator at Washington, D. C.—Hello, Pennsylvania Railroad, is that you? Well, why don't you offer these men some kind of an "olive branch"? You know there is bound to be trouble if you don't.

Pennsylvania Railroad, at Philadelphia, Pa.—I understand that, Mr. Mediator, but look here, this is simply a question of right and wrong management, and to tell you the truth, I am sick and tired of "olive branch" settlements in such matters. That's flat, you understand, and there is nothing more to it.

Mediator—That's all very well, Pennsylvania Railroad, but you must bear in mind that, as mediator under the Erdman act, and in the interests of the people, as we think, we have absolutely nothing to do with the right or wrong in this controversy; our business is simply to keep the wheels moving.

I now hasten to say that I acquired information of this nature simply by pushing my way into the headquarters of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Bureau of Labor, and into the offices of the railroads from one end of the country to another. I asked plain questions and had no difficulty whatever in getting truthful and significant replies. The reporters for newspapers have had the same privilege, but they are not looking for this kind of information.

But now the situation, as I have described it, is surely pretty hard for a manager when you ask him to be responsible for the safety of the travelling public. And yet this is exactly what arbitration of every description means and has meant to the railroads for the past ten years. So far as the railroads are concerned, arbitration in this country has always had a "weather eye," and the sooner public sentiment understands this the better it will be for the safety of the people at large. At the same time, I am aware that an ethical awakening in this direction has been the distinguishing feature of the activities of the public conscience during the past year. For the future, as it seems to me, the prospect is tremendously hopeful. The people now want to know the truth about the railroads, and especially about the accident situation. The principle of keeping wheels moving regardless of right and wrong will not satisfy American public sentiment in 1913.

JAMES O. FAGAN.

Waltham, Mass., December 26.

## A LETTER OF DR. FURNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following, I think, will be of interest to the friends and admirers of the late Horace Howard Furness. It is a quotation faithfully transcribed from a letter in my possession, written by Dr. Furness to another great English scholar, the late Francis James Child, and is an acknowledgment of a letter of encouragement that had just come to him from Professor Child.

Wholly apart from its interest as a record of friendship that existed between these kindred spirits, it gives one some idea of the patience and toil that may precede the brief and modest comment of a great scholar. The letter is dated March 22, 1880, and therefore was written soon after the publication of "Lear." Dr. Furness says:

No one has ever yet said to me such an appreciative word anent the labor and the time that lie hidden sometimes in a fraction of a line. Not infrequently I have spent a whole evening in hunting down a single quotation. I remember that I once went through every page of Ben Jonson, and there are nine volumes in Gifford's edition, in search of a single line—and I got it. I spent nearly a whole night, till cockcrow, in search of "queasie" in the Paston Letters, and four or five words absorbed the whole of it. So too in Latimer's Sermons after "flibbergibe." And sometimes, as you truly say, after all the time and trouble is spent the note is struck out.

That the same editor knew when a long note was required and acted accordingly, the curious may see by referring to his edition of "Lear," II, iv, 207, where Collier's reading, "howls," is defended; or again, III, vii, 64, the note on "all cruels else subscribe." G. C. SCOGGIN.

The University of Missouri, December 27.

## A FRENCH GUIDE TO FRENCH NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of the analytical French mind, with its rage for classification, the French have never been leaders in bibliography, and their unindexed books and uncatalogued magazines have ever been a stumbling block to scholars. It is interesting, therefore, to see what the race can do when once it puts a hand to the plough. The five-year-old review, called *Romans-Revue*, is a valuable monthly contribution to the bibliography of French novels, as well as a guide to the new books of France. It is published at Lille, in northern France, and the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church pervades every sentence. The church militant has a very scornful index for most of the modern plays and novels, but the indomitable Gallic flavor is ever behind the black frock, and keeps the ecclesiastical point of view from becoming irritating, and often makes it entertaining to any outsiders who may possess a tinge of the spirit of Anatole France.

Although primarily devoted to fiction and the theatre, the review now and then condescends to notice science and philosophy. Last May it praised the rich contributions of Fabre to the study of insects, but regretted that he never mentions the name of God; though he does refer to a "sovereign pilot," he unfortunately declares in the same breath that this pilot does not bother himself either with us or with our consciences.

The review divides the new novels into four classes, those which are dangerous, those for young girls, those for older people, and those for everybody. Just as you pay for your seat in church according to your pocket-book, the church expects you to select your novels according to your age, sex, and morals. Thus translations of "Ann Veronica" by Wells and "La Horde" by Blasco-Ibañez are dangerous in their French dress. We have known maiden and married aunts who felt the same about the English version of the first. Older people will find such books as Tristan Bernard's "Mathilde et ses Mitaines" very *convenable*. For the young girls there are mainly translations from the English, such as Henri de la Pasture's "La Solitaire," and, finally, all may revel in "Un drame au Maroc," by Valréas, and the translation of Selma Lagerlof's "Marvellous Voyage of Nils Holgersson,"

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Travellers in France know how numerous are the cheap editions of popular novels. They range in price from 20 centimes to a franc, and form a most tempting array at the railway news-stands. No matter how well you know your Daudet or Marcel Prévost, if you are starting on a long trip by rail you are sure to be tempted by one of these cheap volumes before getting into the train. And some people would almost as soon have a novel of Daudet as an old friend with them to while away the hours. The books are all on good paper, but with rather sensational illustrations. Such a rose-water book as Prévost's "Lettres à Françoise" has illustrations that would not be out of place in an American edition of "Sapho." It is one of the merits of the *Romans-Revue* that it keeps you advised as to these cheap publications, always telling you whether the book is *scabreux*, whether there are dangerous passages, and reminding you whenever an old favorite, such as "Les Misérables" or "Notre Dame de Paris," has been put on the Index. The best of these editions are the Modern-Bibliothèque, the Collection Flammarion, and the Collection Nelson, and they are so good that I have met with them several times in the college libraries of the Middle West.

As regards the theatre, the review gives a faithful list of all plays that have been published the preceding month, and follows this with a brief summary or word of warning about each. Thus, Bernhardt's last play, "Queen Elizabeth," is characterized as a "brutal tragedy, brutally developed." Maurice Donnay's play on Molière contains five acts of misunderstanding between the actor-playwriter-manager and his young wife, with a reconciliation on his death-bed. "Excessive" is the word with which the critic dismisses the play. As for the "Zigoteau Sisters," a Cluny vaudeville, the critic tells us that the sisters are aunts who wish to marry their niece to Lefolichon, who prefers his mistress. "No, that is not for you," is the sage final comment of the critic to his readers.

It is easy to see that so many prohibitions might develop a whole orchard of most alluring forbidden fruit, but, whether you like the guardianship of the church or not in the selection of your French novels and plays, you are thankful to find a complete monthly list to keep you informed.

FRANK R. ARNOLD.

Logan, Utah, December 23.

# Literature

## EXPLORATIONS ON THE RIVERS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

*The Flowing Road:* Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America. By Caspar Whitney. With maps and photographs by the author. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. $3 net.

Under the quaint title of "The Flowing Road," *i. e.*, the stream that bears the traveller's boat, Mr. Caspar Whitney gives us a lively narrative of several journeys, most of them by water, in one of the least known parts of the world, viz., that densely wooded and thinly peopled region which lies between the mighty Amazon on the south and the Llanos (grassy plains) which border the middle course of the Orinoco in Eastern Venezuela. So thick are the forests that there is no means of traversing this region except by water, and transit is extremely slow and difficult. The southern part of the region belongs to Brazil, the northern part to Venezuela; its few inhabitants, whether speaking Spanish in the former country or Portuguese in the latter, are half-breeds and Indians. The latter, though far more numerous than the former, are few in proportion to the vast area of the country, and nearly all live in primitive savagery. Most of their tribes are, however, so feeble and so much afraid of the white man that their presence does not greatly add to the difficulties which nature throws in the way of the adventurous traveller.

Mr. Whitney is an explorer for the sake of exploration. He is something of a sportsman and something of a naturalist. But his main motive for wandering is the desire to be in wild places and lead a wild, which is likely to be also an often imperilled, life, in the presence of untouched nature. It would be hard to find a better country in which to gratify this passion than the central wilderness of South America, some of whose woods have never been traversed, some of whose tribes hardly ever seen by civilized man. He describes these regions with freshness and spirit, giving enough detail to make the readers understand what are the conditions of travel, and what the daily incidents that mark it, but not wearying us with a repetition of trivial matters. Like other travellers in the thickly wooded regions of the tropics, he is struck by the fact that wild creatures, and especially quadrupeds and snakes, are comparatively seldom seen:

> Of course, there is life in the deep forest, plenty of it, but it is sly and noiseless, in keeping with the huge solitude it calls home. You find here the many varieties of rodent family, the sly tapir, the clumsy-appearing but surprisingly active ant-eater; a wild dog—a grayish coyote-like animal with a dog tail—of which I shot one; several of the cats, though they (including the jaguar, head of the family) keep closer to the jungle edges or near the breaks in the forest where birds and streams and peccaries are more frequent, and the hunting is better.
>
> How awesome is the deep equatorial forest in its immensity, and how disappointing! It is not at all the picture of your untutored imagination—brilliant in flaming foliage and gay with the chatter of wild life. On the contrary, it is sombre, forbidding, and silent. Here is no frog chorus or hum of insect or hoarse croaking bird: even the harassing voice of the parrot is silent—'tis a vast desert where you may not venture without compass, for neither landmarks nor the stars attend you: there is only the canopy of the trees above and the tangle of underbrush below and around. Where indeed is there a desert to equal this forest desert? But the trees are wonderfully impressive with their huge smooth trunks from four to six feet in diameter; limbless for forty to sixty feet. Some are supported by buttresses which stand out at their base three or four feet like great flanges, and all share their burden of the marvellous parasitic life which may express itself in flower-like decorations or in festooning, entwining pendant vines, innumerable and of every character and dimension.

A striking description of the parasitic growths of the forest may be found on page 50, and there are many interesting remarks on each of the wild creatures, from the great jaguar downward. Though our author is not a skilled zoölogist, and even less of a botanist, he has a first-rate traveller's eye, and is able to catch and describe the details, as well as to present the general effect of the scenery through which he passes. The account given in the above quotation of the sort of impression a vast tropical forest makes is perfectly correct. Such a forest is almost terrible in its silence and in the sense which it gives of the abounding power and energy of nature; and it seems more terrible when, either on foot or in a small boat, the traveller makes his way through one of these level tracts than when he is climbing up and down wooded mountainsides. There, as for instance in the maritime parts of Brazil or among the hills of Guiana or Colombia, there is variety, for the sun breaks in upon a cliff and streams sparkle over the rocks. In the vast Amazonian woodlands one is depressed by the same sombre monotony for many hundreds of miles.

There was only one part of his journey in which Mr. Whitney penetrated what seems to have been a virtually unexplored country. This was the upper part of the Orinoco, beyond the great reef of rocks and huge loose stones called by him the Barrier, which extends across the river about latitude 3° north and 65° west. Here dwell small tribes of Indians entirely unmolested by the Venezuelans to the west of them and the Brazilians to the east of them, absolutely unaffected by civilization. These *Indios bravos*, as the whites call them, live in a half-nomadic way in small groups, and support existence by fishing with the bow and arrow and by killing birds either with arrows or with darts from the blow-pipe some seven feet long. Here our author had quite the most thrilling adventures of all his journeys, first in stalking these Indians and watching them from perches in the trees, and afterwards in saving himself from the attempt of his only companion, a half-negro, half-Indian Venezuelan, to decamp with the canoe and the provisions, leaving him to perish alone in the wilderness. This part of the story is told with a graphic skill in the han-

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dling of its details which the writer of a novelette of adventure might envy.

Although these devious courses along the upper tributaries of the Rio Negro and the Orinoco are the most interesting parts of Mr. Whitney's book, his record of a hunting trip in Western Venezuela and his account of a similar excursion up the Paraná River in Northern Argentina, may also be read with pleasure. He is a good observer of men as well as of beasts, and gives a life-like notion of the sorts of people, nearly all half-breeds of some kind or other, whom the traveller meets in the out-of-the-way parts of South America. Some useful hints on the equipments needed by the hunter or explorer in wild regions wind up a pleasant and agreeable book. It is not without interest that we find him saying, as not a few mighty hunters, including Lancelot Sanderson and Selous, have said, that he has ceased to find any pleasure in killing, and now shoots only for the sake of adding a new specimen to his collection.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Atlantis:* A Novel. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Adele and Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, like almost all of his other productions, is concerned with a hero who can suffer, but not do, act, construct. From "Sonnenaufgang" (1889) to "Emanuel Quint" (1910), "Die Ratten" (1911), and "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" (1912), Hauptmann's leading characters do not "lead." In his dramas this fault is even more serious. The lack of defensive or constructive will, and the pessimistic philosophy that goes with such a lack, are well expressed in Hauptmann's play "Das Friedensfest" (1890), one of whose characters says: "The will is a straw! . . . The will, the will, get out with your will! I know better! One may will and will a hundred times, and everything remains as it was!"

In the present novel a German physician, deserting his family to follow a young *danseuse* named Ingigerd to New York, narrowly escapes a shipwreck much like that of the Titanic. In America he learns that his lady love is already at heart of the *demi-monde;* he escapes to Connecticut to regain his balance, is nursed through typhoid fever by Eva Burns, a young artist, and then returns to Germany. In the course of the story the hero wrongs both the *danseuse* and a Russian steerage passenger.

Throughout the story the reader gets the effect of tremendous forces in combat, but upon careful examination sees that this impression comes from the masterly literary treatment of gigantic physical forces in action rather than from any spiritual struggle. Hauptmann's hero fails, because he does not conquer himself: the temptation is removed, is made no temptation, because Ingigerd sinks to the depths. Nor can the humdrum ending of the novel, in which Eva Burns nurses Frederick through typhoid fever, and after the death of his poor insane wife goes to Europe with him to be a mother to his children and with him to live a life of devotion to art, disguise this failure one whit.

The underlying theme of "Atlantis" is neither great nor unusual. The book's strength lies in its external form, its wonderful descriptions, its equally marvellous characterization, its vivid imagery, its record of accurate observation of men and things, its striking figures, in short, in its brilliant style. It is quite remarkable how even as skilful an artist as Hauptmann could paint the picture of storm and shipwreck (both moral and physical) and the hair-breadth rescue (also both moral and physical) without having gone through some such dreadful experience himself. He sees everything, he hears everything—even the sense of smell is alert and its experience recorded.

The condiment of satire on America and the Americans sprinkled upon this literary dish is rather flat. We have heard before of the worship of the dollar, of the depreciation of art, of haste, gross ignorance, unrest, etc., etc., as specifically American virtues.

Autobiographical elements appear in the hero's interest in art, and especially in sculpture—Hauptmann is said even now to do good modelling in his wonderful house at Agnetendorf—and Dr. von Kammacher's early biological studies perhaps hark back to Hauptmann's student days in the Jena of Haeckel.

The translation by Adele and Thomas Seltzer is with few exceptions well done.

*The Antagonists.* By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There is nothing in the least unusual in the general situation from which this story is developed. A genius is born of two quite ordinary people in an English village. The father is an ex-butler, a miller, an excellent man, who reads "Sartor Resartus" and walks the strait and narrow way. The mother is an ex-governess, a sweet and understanding woman. But "Dicky," the child of unusual powers, finds plenty of antagonism in his world—the antagonism of age, of environment, of sex. Very early his mind is set upon becoming a painter. The mother would yield, but the father sees no reason why the business of a successful miller should not be a better prospect than a dream of success in art. So the filial relation is a battle for Dicky from the start. All this, we say, is commonplace enough. The strife between boy and man, between ambition and caution, the final determination of the boy to burn his bridges and run away to London, so that he may somehow win the education in art his soul craves—these have been the motives of a hundred novels.

The new matter in the book is its study of sexual awakening. At eleven Dicky begins to be troubled by the consciousness of sex, and is presently half-enlightened by a disillusioned woman of thirty. From that time his instinct for art and his instinct of sex develop side by side. At seventeen, he determines to become a painter—and falls in love with his old playmate Dorothy. She then, also, becomes in a sense his antagonist. His ambition points to London. Her love holds him at the mill. Ambition wins the day, and he prepares to set out for London and fame. But, of course, there is a final meeting, and here Mr. Thurston, in a passage of extraordinary quiet and simplicity, describes the eternal sacrifice womanhood is ready to make as a last resort, in order to bind to itself the flitting desires of man. This is not a book for children, but in that one scene at least it is on a high plane of imaginative realism.

*The Closing Net.* By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The crook continues to be a popular hero of romance—as popular almost as his natural enemy, the detective. Here we have a gentleman of the best (American) blood, chiefly known to the world as "Wall Street Frank," or "the Tidewater Clam." Being illegitimate, he has early developed that grudge against society which is the most cherished possession of his kind, in fiction; and in due course becomes an expert criminal. Burglary is his specialty, but he is skilful at all the tricks of the trade, from picking a pocket to working a confidence game on a big scale. When the exigencies of the present story take him to Paris, he is readily received into the inner circles of the profession. His first demonstration of the American method, however, unexpectedly involves him in virtue, to his great subsequent embarrassment. We have thereafter the exciting spectacle of our distinguished fellow-countryman opposed, single-handed, to the powerful and organized class of Paris. He has his narrow escapes, but they are escapes, and of course, in the end, his virtue confirmed and his valor rewarded, he marries the fair companion of many of his adventures, who, being veritable countess and professional taxi-driver, deserves credit as a new compound in the chemistry of romantic fiction. The story is better in manner than in substance: it is told with a good deal of vigor and some humor.

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## ESSAYS OF MAETERLINCK.

*On Emerson and Other Essays.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Montrose J. Moses. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

The three essays on Emerson (1894), Novalis (1895), and Ruysbroeck (1891) which compose this slender volume are, in the original French, introductions to translations from those writers, two of which, the Novalis and Ruysbroeck, are the work of Maeterlinck himself.

The American translator often reveals a sympathy with his original in the delicacy and smoothness of his phrasing, but his work has grave faults. The English is often, so to speak, dusted with French idioms, and there are other deviations from established usage for which the French is clearly not responsible. Between laxity in manuscript and negligence in proof-reading, Mr. Moses incurs the suspicion of ignorance from which even his censors must defend him. We refuse, for instance, to accept the author's own testimony to the effect that he actually believes that the French word *éternel* means "external" (p. 154), that *spéciaux* means "spacious" (p. 142), that *réfection* means "reflection" (p. 194), that *éprouve l'exigence* means "establishes the existence" (p. 194), that *ingénue* means "ingenious" (p. 214), that *nulle part* means "no part" (p. 218), that *inhabitable* means "inhabitable" (p. 125). Sometimes, indeed, the right translation of these words appears in other contexts, and the author's knowledge is absolved at the expense of his vigilance. Often, however, the meaning has not been grasped. Specification is the least impolite mode of characterizing these errors, and we subjoin an extreme but instructive example. The French (Maeterlinck translating Ruysbroeck) reads thus: "De même que nous ouvrons nos yeux matériels, que nous voyons, et que nous les refermons si rapidement que nous ne nous en apercevons pas; de même nous mourons en Dieu, nous vivons hors de Dieu et nous demeurons toujours un avec lui." The meaning of this neither very obvious nor very recondite passage is as follows: Just as we open our bodily eyes, as we (then) see, and close them again so quickly that we are unaware of (the change); even so we die in God, we live outside of God, and we remain always one with him. This is what the translator makes of the passage: "Just as we open our material eyes, so do we see; and just as we close them rapidly, so do we not see; just as we die in God, we live outside of Him, and we dwell one with him forever" (p. 210).

These three essays will neither raise nor depress nor modify the reputation of Maeterlinck with English readers. They are pleasingly disinterested, leisurely but never loitering, thrifty but never niggardly of thought, admiring, almost devotional, in tone, but with just that touch of reserve which gives an effect of discretion to homage. They reveal familiar traits in the lissome and willowy style, and in the serene gusto, the placid self-regalement, which suggest the transfigured epicure. Maeterlinck's expertness in the technique of introductions is not remarkable. The essay on Emerson flutters round Emerson, or rather uses him as a perch or resting-place between flights into the empyrean. The range, the virility, the self-trust, the homely shrewdness of Emerson, have, pardonably enough, escaped Maeterlinck: what he sees is a pious brother, Fra Rodolfo as it were, holding his taper in the fraternal procession of the mystics. The essay on Novalis lacks an effective unity; it makes several trips rather than one voyage. The critique of Ruysbroeck is the least dithyrambic and the most serviceable of the three; it is effectively ordered, is packed with quotations, and really clarifies an unfamiliar subject.

The assignment of space to Emerson, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck is represented by the ratios 1, 3, and 5; it may or may not be just to associate these proportions with the facts that Emerson's was a mind of many windows with various outlooks upward and outward, that in Novalis this many-sidedness was only a promise, while in Ruysbroeck we seem to see a man lying on the floor of a cell and watching a strip of exquisite sky through the single orifice in the quaintly panelled ceiling. We may note also, without insisting on the fact, that in the Ruysbroeck essay passages that are mere curiosities and passages aglow with a real if cabined and confined spirituality are quoted without any manifest sense of the enormous difference in their values. For the rest, the mysticism is sunny, airy, and inviting, a little provoking now and then because apparently a little wilful in its suave insistence on the supernatural clairvoyance of the most commonplace people in the most ordinary situations—a theory surely not bound up, either as support or consequence, with the soundness of the mystic principle.

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*Things I Can Tell.* By Lord Rossmore. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

The things Lord Rossmore can tell are so many and varied, the leeway he permits himself in point of taste (not to say morals) is so generous, that we find ourselves wondering a little what the things are he can *not* tell. His anecdotes have an eighteenth-century flavor; his jokes are of a sort which our ancestors, even in America (witness Poor Richard's Almanac) did not hesitate to put in print, but which are now relegated to the smoking-room. The experiences he records with greatest gusto are less edifying than amusing. For a parallel one would have to go back to the bland confessions of some imaginary person of quality in Defoe or Smollett.

His father he mentions with an accent of apology as "a charming man," but strangely insensible to the family passions for racing and other robust sports. He admits that there may have been excuse for this limitation, as his grandfather had practiced "racing, electioneering, hunting, and cock-fighting" to the serious damage of the family fortunes. It was this grandfather who is gleefully handed down to posterity in these pages, sitting on a Dublin pavement embracing a lamp-post, and refusing to budge on the ground that, as the houses were all going round and round, he might as well wait for his lodgings to arrive, and then "just pop in." Luckily, his second wife was of a managing turn, and contrived to save something for later Lords Rossmore to enjoy life with. The present incumbent was born sixty years ago into a jolly world. "I have lived an amusing life, but a happy one, notwithstanding," he says. Is this a pure Hibernian touch, or in rebuttal of the Puritan theory which connects strict virtue and happiness? This writer is capable of either turn of humor. "I am fortunate in possessing a charming wife, and the best children in the world. I have many friends, and I hope few enemies; and if I haven't done much good in the world, at any rate I do not think I have done much harm either." One thing he is sure of—that he has had a good time from first to last. It is true there is an elegiac note in his memories of boyhood. After telling how his brother and he were wont to hunt by moonlight—"and as this happened after dinner, reckless riding was more likely than not"—he sums up with, "We were up to all kinds of devilment in which boys delight, and looking backward I can only say that I think there is nothing in life to compare with its springtime." But the ensuing narrative does not make clear just where the devilment is supposed to have ceased: the inconsequent airs of springtime exhale from the last of these pages as from the first.

The family estate of Rossmore is considered, its master believes, to be "one of the beauty spots of Ireland," and he himself ventures to think it "one of the prettiest places in the world." Planting and replanting is a mania which he confesses to sharing with Louis XIV, and his pride in his home is as pleasant and ingenuous as his pride in his horsemanship, or his ability to stay above table: "The claret was a bit full-bodied for them, but I finished what was left, and thoroughly enjoyed it." A human being capable of thoroughly enjoying everything life has brought him for sixty years (including, but merely including, his drink), has a strong appeal for the

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natural man in all of us. Among other things, he enjoyed shooing a woodcock from his own gun to that of his friend, the late King Edward's:

> I quite thought my action had been unobserved, but a friend came up to me when the beat was over, and said, "Derry, old man, that about the woodcock was the smartest done thing I've ever seen."
>
> "Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't say you saw it. On no account let the King know."
>
> "Yes, I saw it all right," rejoined my friend, "and in my opinion many a man has been made a Duke for less."

He enjoyed his companions, whom he recalls fondly from their drunkards' graves by fond nicknames, such as "Cootie" and "Old Joe" and "Sugar" and "Chicken"—titles which Dickens would have attached to bibulous persons at the other end of the social scale. If other gratification than that provided by its impudent good cheer were to be desired of this narrative, it is surely afforded by the spectacle of inherent and perfectly unconscious vulgarity here offered by a noble lord for the jeering contemplation of democracy.

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*The Last Legitimate King of France: Louis XVII.* By Phoebe Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Did "Louis XVII" escape from the Temple Prison? Were Josephine, Barras, and Robespierre privy to his evasion? Did Louis XVII subsequently assume the name of Naundorff, and are the Naundorff claimants therefore deserving of our credence and sympathy? These questions the author answers in the affirmative with the fine feminine conviction of a devotee of a lost cause. And hers is not the only voice crying in a wilderness of unbelief. Books supporting the Naundorff claim have become increasingly numerous lately. A monthly periodical in Paris is devoted to its defence. In March, 1911, the French Senate, at the ardent insistence of M. Boissy d'Anglas, appointed a committee to hear the petition of Naundorff's descendants for legal recognition as citizens of France.

That a sickly child died in the Temple on June 8, 1795, as asserted by the existing death certificate, there is virtually no doubt. That this child was a substitute for Louis XVI's son is possible, but, as it seems to us after reading the evidence, not probable. The theories of the substitution of a wooden figure, of a dumb child, or of a scrofulous weakling scarcely rise to a matter of conviction in the mind of the reviewer. The contemporary evidence is so meagre that it is impossible to come to a well-founded historical judgment as to whether Louis XVII perished in the Temple in 1795 or not.

Granting for the moment, however, that the Dauphin may have escaped, did he survive in the person of Naundorff? It is well known that the belief in his escape gave the basis for the appearance, after Napoleon's fall, of some forty persons who claimed to be the real Louis XVII. Thirty-nine of them, at any rate, must have been impudent impostors. There was, for instance, Eleazar Williams, whom Louis Philippe's son found in an Indian family in New York State, and whom he tried in vain to persuade to sign a document abdicating his alleged rights to the French throne. Partisans of the *survivance* are now generally agreed that the only claimant not an impostor was Naundorff. The author therefore traces in detail Naundorff's chequered career from his first emergence in Berlin until he came to Paris in person in 1833 to prove his case before the French courts; and she describes his vicissitudes in England and Holland after his expulsion from France until his death at Delft in 1845. To establish her case she quotes largely from Naundorff's own allegations and from sworn depositions by old servants and royalists who might have known him before the fall of the monarchy. Unfortunately, she does not sufficiently realize the historical untrustworthiness of statements made from memory thirty or forty years after the event, even when made by the most honest and well-intentioned persons. Nor could she have accepted so unquestioningly Naundorff's assertions if she had read the recent critical study by Tschirch in the *Historische Zeitschrift* (1910; CVI, 535-599), made with German thoroughness from material in the Prussian archives. He disposes effectually of all Naundorff's complaints of "persecution" in Germany. By noting the different dates at which Naundorff composed his different statements, he is able to show that they grow full as Naundorff had successive opportunities for learning more details about the French Revolution—details which Naundorff then proceeded to exploit as his own personal recollections. His conclusion is that Naundorff also is an impostor, and one of the most impudent, because he kept up the imposture throughout his life and probably tried to bolster it up and acquire sympathy by instigating apparent attempts at his own assassination.

In short, this biography of a would-be prince is interesting and not without pathos. But its composition must be regarded as an act of devotion rather than as an historical investigation.

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*The Ulm Campaign, 1805.* By Col. F. N. Maude, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers. Special Campaign Series, No. 12. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Col. Maude has contributed, besides the present book, two very interesting studies to the Special Campaign Series: "The Leipzig Campaign, 1813," and "The Jena Campaign, 1806." His researches having convinced him that Napoleon during his later years possessed a fixed method of strategy which he invariably followed whenever topographical conditions allowed, he sought in his study on 1813 to demonstrate that the Emperor's strategic object—the concentration of superior numbers at the decisive point—was uniformly achieved, and by the simplest means possible. In his work on Jena, Col. Maude demonstrated that Napoleon's uncertain leading gave proof of the novelty of the weapon he was learning to wield; and his latest study depicts the Emperor in his first essay in the conduct of a great army organized into divisions and corps. In these three studies the fundamental purpose is to establish the fact that Napoleon's strategy was not born full-grown, but was rather "the outcome of his experience, developed logically and step by step" (p. vi).

"The Ulm Campaign" fully maintains the standard set by Col. Maude's other works, and is undoubtedly the best summary of the sort thus far published in English. A brief account of the Austrian and French armies up to 1805 more admirable than that contained in his first two chapters cannot be found in any language. The author announces that he had originally intended merely to translate the introduction to the French Official History, by Colin and Alombert, but, upon finding that his own opinion regarding the ability of Gen. Mack and the conduct of the Archduke Ferdinand differed so widely from that of the compilers, he abandoned the idea and decided to "unravel as far as possible the fundamental causes which lay at the root of the whole series of defeats the Austrians endured at the hands of the French, from the very inception of the French Revolution" (p. vii). The French Official History is a colossal work in four huge volumes, numbering 3,684 pages and accompanied by a smaller volume containing documents, annexes, and maps, compiled by Capt. J. Colin, of the Historical Section of the General Staff, and P. C. Alombert, the Controller of the Administration of the French army. The former has also written "L'Education militaire de Napoléon," which has been deservedly crowned by the French Academy, and the latter, "Le Corps d'armée aux ordres du Maréchal Mortier; Combat de Dürrenstein," a work of the utmost thoroughness, dealing with the operations of the Grand Army during the march from the Traun to Vienna after Mack's capitulation at Ulm. The French Official History—the title of which is "La Campagne de 1805 en Allemagne"—terminates on November 11, three weeks before the battle of Austerlitz. Although by all odds the most comprehensive and authentic history of this campaign yet published, it is both unfinished and far

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from the last word on the subject; and contains many inexcusable errors. Innumerable orders and reports are inaccurate or incomplete copies of the originals, and documents of the utmost importance have either been omitted intentionally, or, what is much more likely, have wholly escaped Colin and Alombert. Aside from this, dozens of important orders and reports in the Austrian Kriegs-Archivs and in the archives of the Russian General Staff ought, most assuredly, to have been at their disposal had any attempt been made to procure them. The reviewer, for instance, who has spent many months of research at Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, was able to obtain accurate and complete copies of nearly every document given by them, in addition to a great number omitted from their history. Since Col. Maude has depended so largely upon Colin and Alombert, it is obvious that his narrative must partake of their shortcomings.

The author declares that he has "never been able to share the views of those who imagine that every defeated general is necessarily either an imbecile or a traitor" (p. vii)—a very praiseworthy standpoint—and takes up the cudgels vigorously in behalf of Mack (pp. 22-36). He very rightly disagrees with the bias shown by Colin and Alombert in favor of the Archduke Ferdinand, the nominal commander of the Austrian army at Ulm, as against Mack (p. 182), but, on the other hand, he places far too much credence in Mack's "Mémoires justificatifs," from which he quotes frequently and at considerable length. This document constituted the defeated general's principal defence at his court-martial; ingenious and plausible though it be, not unfrequently it is wholly at variance with the orders actually issued.

Col. Maude's strictures on Napoleon's persistency in regarding Augsburg "as the key to the whole situation" (p. 254) are scarcely well founded, in view of the reports the Emperor received respecting the number of Austrian troops in front of the First Corps and the expected arrival of the Russian army in that direction on October 13 (p. 222), and the imperative necessity in consequence of establishing the eastern group of the French army—*i. e.*, Bernadotte, the Bavarians, and Davout—so firmly on the Isar as to banish all possible apprehension on the score of Kienmayer and Kutusoff until he had finished with Mack. Subsequent events demonstrated that this wise precaution thwarted the very object which Mack sought to effect, namely, to crush the French between the anvil represented by the army on the Iller and the hammering of the Russian and Austrian main armies on the east (pp. 254-255). Like every other historian before him, Col. Maude fails to put the blame for the isolation of Dupont's division, the exposing of the French line of communications, and the escape of Werneck's corps and the Austrian Reserve Artillery from Ulm on the 13th, where it rightly belongs.

More careful proofreading would have eliminated a number of errors in dates and spelling. A book so full of "meat" will certainly warrant a subsequent edition in which these defects can readily be corrected. Meanwhile it will supply a long-felt want on the part of the general reader and the military student who do not demand absolute historical accuracy.

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*Railroad Finance.* By Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

That effective public regulation of railways is only to be attained through an intimate knowledge of the accounting features of railway operation has long been realized by close students of the problem. It is therefore to the public's interest that these highly technical matters should be explained and their bearing on the problem of regulation clearly established. This book is the first important attempt to treat in a systematic fashion the financial and accounting development of railways during the last three or four decades.

The work has been admirably done. Its method is to follow chronologically the stages in a railway corporation's experience—through promotion, underwriting, capitalization, construction, equipment, organization, and the various problems of operation and management, and then to lead one on the downhill road through insolvency and receivership to reorganization. Concluding chapters relate to consolidation and overcapitalization. The newly established accounting system of the Interstate Commerce Commission receives extended treatment, and its significant features are indicated. On this technical side the authors find the greatest defect to be the failure to adopt what is termed the "double balance sheet," by means of which the confusion between capital and current resources and liabilities is removed. This makes possible the setting up of the separate fund reserved for the permanent use of the corporation directly against the obligations creating it. Thereby the fact that capital is a *trust fund* becomes clearly recognized on the books.

The authors recognize the tendency for expenses of railway operation to increase, and state flatly that reductions in wages are impracticable. They would apparently look for a solution of this financial difficulty in greater economies of one kind and another, but in what fashion the reasonable margin between income and outgo is to be preserved does not appear. In fact, it is in the discussion of just such controverted questions as these that the book will probably prove disappointing to many readers. Whether the principles of "scientific management" are applicable to the railway industry is a much debated question. The arguments on both sides are presented in this book, but no attempt is made to test their validity or to reach any conclusion, notwithstanding the fact that the senior author is peculiarly fitted by experience to express an opinion of value.

Again, the discussion of over-capitalization contains an exhaustive treatment of the various considerations that have been offered from time to time as aids in the solution of the vexed problem, but beyond learning that valuation for taxation should be based on income and valuation for rate-making on investment, the reader gets no answer to his question. What elements specifically should be included in the valuation and what method should be adopted for its determination are questions left for the inquirer to decide. Nevertheless, the book has fulfilled with great success the purpose laid down in the preface, "to describe the methods of financing railroads in the United States."

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# Notes

Frederick Warne & Co., New York, will issue at once "Rights of Citizenship," a survey by various hands of the safeguards for the preservation of the rights of the people, with a preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne.

"*Nogi*: A Man against the Background of a War" is announced by Henry Holt. The author, Stanley Washburn, was one of the newspaper correspondents who were with this Japanese general through most of the campaigns with Russia.

The Century Co. will publish early in the new year "The Shadow," a tale of detective adventure, by Arthur Stringer, and a book of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Three new novels will be brought out this month by Little, Brown & Co.—"Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine; "The Little Gray Shoe," by Percy Brebner, and "The Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

A phototype reproduction of Montaigne's "Essais," with more than a thousand plates and an introduction by Prof. Fortunat Strowski, is among the announcements of the Librairie Hachette & Cie. The manuscript employed is that of 1588, belonging to Bordeaux, which has corrections in the author's own hand.

The automobile is responsible for a number of things, evil and the contrary, and among them is the development of a new branch of literature, not to be classified either as travel or as romance, but a sort of combination of the two, with a motor-car as the hero. The Williamsons started the vogue for this type of reading, and their disciples increase and multiply.

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Louise Closser Hale is one of the band, and in "Motor Journeys" (McClurg) has collected a series of light articles dealing with European travels *en auto* that have already appeared in various periodicals. In the words of Lincoln, when asked to criticise a poetic effusion, "if you like this sort of thing, why, this is just the sort of thing you like." A word of praise must be said for the excellent pen-and-ink sketches by Walter Hale which illustrate the book.

"The Romance of a Favourite" (Appleton), from the French of Frédéric Loliée, purports to be a biography of the Countess of Castiglione, the most beautiful woman of the Second Empire. It was popularly supposed that Cavour hoped, through her fascinations, to win Napoleon III to the Italian cause; but of this the book contains nothing authentic. Indeed, it has no value to the historian, except as it throws side-lights on the gilded dissipations of the Court of the Tuileries. The matchless Countess had many admirers, including the Orleanist princes, at her feet, and she had many secrets confided to her; why does M. Loliée tell us so little, if, as he assures us, he possesses, or has seen, thousands of her letters? The Castiglione, who died some ten years ago, at the age of sixty, was a mystery even to her intimates, and her present biographer does not really lift the veil. Still, the tragedy of her career is sufficiently apparent. The book is translated by W. M. Fullerton, who, though a Harvard graduate and long the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, seems occasionally to forget his native idiom.

In "Walking Essays" (Longmans), Arthur Hugh Sidgwick rides his hobby with a mock solemnity that is quietly amusing. He rises to the height of his great argument by a series of paradoxes: such as that Wordsworth was not a good walker, because he did not become intimate enough with nature. The most entertaining essay is on "Walking in Literature." Therein he soars no middle flight in pursuing things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Walking assumes its appropriate dignity in the scheme of the universe, and other subjects sink to their proper insignificance. The high seriousness of the undertaking may be judged from Appendix A to the essay, which contains calculations "On the Rates of Walking of Various Persons in the Egoist, Chapters 25 sqq." The scientific spirit of the investigation appears in the concluding sentences:

> A frivolous observer might suggest that the author was not very careful in his timing; but, apart from the hideous blasphemy, this would invalidate most of the previous argument. We therefore shut our eyes once more, and affirm that De Craye's watch went wrong.

In "An Original Canto of Spencer, Design'd as Part of his Fairy Queen, but never Printed. Now made Publick, by Nestor Ironside, Esq.," the author and publisher, Arthur H. Nason, has given us a photographic reproduction (without annotation) of Samuel Croxall's political allegory in Spenserian stanzas, published in 1714, which is known as one of the earliest manifestations of the eighteenth century revival of interest in the poet. The imitation of Spenser's style is, on the whole, rather a happy one. The publisher has reproduced the text (thirty pages) with a view to "Graduate School instructors who desire to drill their students in the mysteries of external and internal criticism." In our judgment, it would be a waste of time to make this use of the poem, but the new edition is welcome, since the text in its original form is not readily accessible. To judge from Mr. Nason's circular, which accompanies his reproduction, he does not seem aware of a second imitation of Spenser by Croxall published shortly after this one and entitled "Another original canto of Spencer."

The besetting sin of Wordsworth in his hours of weakness was a prosaic solemnity, and the same defect attaches to "Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man" (Ginn), the work of his latest critic, E. Hershey Sneath. Even the dullest portions of "The Excursion" are not more unrelieved by any touches of vivacity. The essay has a kinship with this particular poem in other ways also, for, despite Matthew Arnold's warning, it is the philosophical side of Wordsworth's poetry that especially attracts Mr. Sneath, and so the consideration of the poet as a literary artist is virtually excluded from the plan of the book. The author first discusses the supposed influences of heredity and of physical and social environment in the early life of Wordsworth, and then proceeds to trace the evolution of his poetic and philosophic creed through the stages of growth and maturity. If any value can be claimed for the book, it will be on the score of the chronological method here indicated. But there was no need of burdening the pages with so large a number of detailed analyses of the poems. Apart from the repetition involved, no one who requires such analyses is likely to read an essay on Wordsworth with profit, and, on the other hand, it betrays a want of skill in the critic to be so dependent on this method of interpretation. Worst of all, however, the criticism is not distinguished either by novelty of thought or by charm of style. New readers are not likely to be won for Wordsworth's poetry by language like the following (applied to the "Ode: Intimations of Immortality"): "The personal psychology and philosophy of mind presented, with their epistemological and ontological implications, are exceedingly interesting." We can imagine the poet's feelings, too, should any one have told him that he had "located" at Grasmere.

Generally speaking, the interpretation is orthodox, but the author, in our judgment, sets too high a value on Wordsworth's philosophical views. His philosophy of nature is so manifestly one-sided that it possesses no importance save as a source of lyrical inspiration to the poet himself. Furthermore, only in a very limited sense was Wordsworth the Poet of Man. His point of view was too exclusively moral. For him, as for his contemporaries, the French Revolutionists, Man is too largely the abstraction which, as a recent writer on the political aspects of the period has observed, is no more like the real creature than extract of beef is like the living ox. As regards the poet's philosophy of nature, Mr. Sneath is right, when he points out Lord Morley's misapprehension of Wordsworth's meaning in taking as a half-playful sally the lines:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

But surely misapprehension here is a kindness to the poet. On the other hand, it seems to us mere quibbling to deny the pantheism of the "Tintern Abbey" passage. Is there really any essential difference between the conception of this passage and that which underlies the most famous expression of pantheism in ancient literature, viz., the eloquent lines in the Ninth Book of Lucan's "Pharsalia"?

> *Estque dei sedes, nisi terra et pontus et aer*
> Et cœlum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
> Iuppiter est, quodcumque vides, quodcumque moveris.

"The Literary Hearthstones of Dixie" (Lippincott), by La Salle Corbell Pickett, has two purposes. The minor one is to record somewhat incompletely the successive places of residence of "The Poet of the Night," "The Flame-Born Poet," and half a score of other Southern writers, and also to note incidentally where some of the productions of each were penned. For the dull and prosaic a key is supplied which shows that Poe, Timrod, and the like are meant. The major purpose is to exhibit the full glories of the sophomoric or Asiatic style. Much moist sentiment and pseudo-poetic conjecture are poured out after the manner of this: "So Virginia claims her poet son, the tragedy of whose life is a gloomy, though brilliant, page in the history of American literature."

It is difficult to understand what place Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby intended to fill with his volumes on "The English People Overseas": Vol. I, "The American Colonies, 1583-1763"; Vol. II, "British India, 1600-1828"; Vol. III, "British North America, 1763-1867"; Vol. IV, "Britain in the Tropics, 1527-1910" (Houghton Mifflin). They are not intended to serve as textbooks; they are much too long for use in any high-school course; and they are useless for more advanced students, because they contain neither indexes, bibliographies, nor any list of authorities and sources. They bear no trace of original research. They add nothing to the sum of our knowledge of British Colonial history. They are not interesting reading. The style is lacking in force and distinction, and the paragraphing is sometimes provokingly bad and ill-balanced. A work in four volumes which covers only a small part of British Colonial history certainly needs some *raison d'être;* but there is nothing in the general preface to the first volume, nor in the prefaces to the succeeding volumes to indicate the purpose Mr. Tilby had in view when he undertook the quite arduous task of writing this history.

It is possible that Mr. Tilby contemplates the completion of the work of writing the whole Colonial history of Great Britain. If so, much still remains to be done; for in only one volume is the story brought down to modern times. How little balance there is in this history even here may be seen from the fact that in a volume of only 450 pages, which must cover the whole of British adventure in the tropics of three continents, he devotes sixteen pages to the picturesque career of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who, though a typical adventurer of the old British type, was but an incident in the long story of British conquest and

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British government. Of the other volumes, the first, on the American colonies, ends with the Peace of Paris in 1763, though many pages are given to dissertations about the British love of liberty which was later to bring about the establishment of the United States. The story of what is now the Dominion of Canada, which occupies the third volume, stops at Confederation in 1867; and the second volume, on British India, goes no farther than 1828. Bound up with this volume, though not closely related to the rest of it, is a section on the End of the World Struggle—1789-1815—which covers very briefly the Revolutionary war in America and the Napoleonic struggle in Europe. This section was apparently added in order to give an opportunity of describing the acquisition of a large number of minor possessions, ranging from Gibraltar to the desolate regions of South Georgia in the Antarctic Ocean.

In "Italian Travel Sketches" Prof. James Sully, LL.D.—it seems odd to display the academic tag in the title of a work of this kind—prints thirteen essays on Italy most of which were originally contributed to magazines. Dr. Sully is no mere impressionist. When he settles in a place for a month, he visits its sights systematically, reads the books about it conscientiously, and writes a sketch in which information is mixed with personal opinions. At no point does he speak exhaustively, nor are any of his descriptions very striking; but the book as a whole has value, especially for readers who, although no specialists, desire something more than the guide-books offer. Dr. Sully includes in his list of places Viterbo, Clitumnus, Terracina, Viareggio, Baveno, and the obscure village Rovio—places not much written about by English travellers. The introductory history of travel in Italy, from the days of the earliest pilgrims to the present time, would be still more interesting if he had amplified it. His book may be commended to those to whom Italy means more than a passing emotion. (Scribner.)

We find the second series of George W. Smalley's "Anglo-American Memories" (Putnam) in general more interesting than the first. In the course of them he talks about nearly two-score persons, including several of the leaders of British policy during the past quarter of a century, besides such men as T. B. Reed, Col. Roosevelt, Whitelaw Reid, and Count Witte. Mr. Smalley practices to perfection the arts of the fashionable correspondent. He makes you infer that of each of these celebrities he was the chosen confidant. He discloses, indeed, little of real importance, but he keeps up the semblance of hiding portentous secrets which only his sense of honor forces him to withhold. He alludes, by the way, and quite familiarly, to trivial details of dress, furniture, or habits of the grandees who were forever pressing their friendship and confidences upon him. This supplies the local color which predisposes you to regard the revelations as probably true. Perhaps his account of the trick by which Lord Pauncefote was led to father the remonstrance of the European Powers when the United States attacked Spain in 1898, is as important as any; but it is not the state secrets, it is the gossip that makes the book entertaining. At times, Mr. Smalley has a happy knack of sketching a life-like pen portrait: as becomes a correspondent who took the fine arts, as well as politics, for his province. He has papers on Whistler, Gilbert, Irving, and Bernhardt, and, best of all, on the wonderful French tragedienne, now forgotten except for her passionate letters, Aimée Desclée. He also writes up Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Carnegie. For unalloyed fulsomeness his tribute to W. W. Astor recalls Bishop Newman's ten-thousand dollar panegyric of Leland Stanford, jr. Until we read Mr. Smalley we did not suspect what an irreparable loss the United States suffered when Mr. Astor deserted his native land in order to become a British subject. On the whole, we wonder whether *enlightened* public opinion was, or ever could be, influenced by a writer of Mr. Smalley's characteristics, even though he had the advantage of speaking through such megaphones as the London *Times* and the New York *Tribune*. As a text for his volume he quotes a sentence from Machiavelli; so far as many of his stories go the Italian proverb—*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*—would make a better motto.

"The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus" (Open Court) is an English version of the second part of Arthur Drews's "Die Christusmythe." The translator, Joseph McCabe, abbreviates the preface of the German edition, omits altogether Smith's reply to Weinel, and makes some other changes; but the plot of the original remains the same. Since for Drews the basal principle of all deep religious life is idealistic monism, and since personality does not have an independent and unique significance in the world-process, the question of the historical existence of Jesus is for him in the main not an historical but a philosophical question. In fact, he urges frankly that the "belief in the historical reality of Jesus is the chief obstacle to religious progress." With this feeling, it is not surprising that Drews the basal principle of all deep historical Jesus. He begins the discussion of the witnesses to the historical existence of Jesus with an examination of early non-Christian documents. By neglecting the consideration that the possible evidence is meagre, owing to the paucity of extant sources, and by assuming that these sources must have referred to the man Jesus had He really existed, Drews is able to reduce the actual evidence to zero. He is aided at times by a method of procedure of which the treatment of the famous passage in the "Annals" of Tacitus is a notable instance. Here he proposes alternative hypotheses, including that of interpolation, to explain away the force of the evidence, all the while refusing to entertain seriously the only theory that has hitherto seemed obvious.

With reference to the witness of Paul, he observes that we should never have found the historical Jesus in the Pauline epistles had we not previously determined to find Him there; and he contends that if Paul did know of an historical Jesus, it remains the most insoluble of problems why he made no use of the knowledge. The truth is that the discerning reader, the one, namely, who shares the philosophical presuppositions of Drews, recognizes instantly that the person referred to in Paul is not a real, that is to say, an historical, man, but the idea of a God-Redeemer who becomes man. Passages which should seem to point to an opposite conclusion are obviously glosses; for example, "If I Cor. xi, 23, is not an interpolation in the text, there are no interpolations at all in the New Testament." Thus it appears that there is "no other source of the belief in an historical Jesus but the gospels." Since, however, the method of interpretation commonly employed by liberal theologians has gone into bankruptcy, a new method must be used, to wit, the "mythic-symbolic." The application of this method to the gospels leads not unexpectedly to the conclusion that Jesus is not an historical, but a mythical personage. Jesus is thus reduced to an idea, and the chief obstacle to religious progress removed. Like the "Ecce Deus" of W. B. Smith, to whom, with J. M. Robertson, acknowledgment of indebtedness is made, the present volume is controversial rather than constructive, its special concern being the demolition of the historical or, as Drews prefers to word it, theological method of German liberal scholarship.

After an interval of fifteen years since the second part of Prof. Ernesto Monaci's "Crestomazia Italiana dei primi secoli" was noticed in these columns, the third and final part of this important work has at last appeared (Città di Castello: S. Lapi). The first two parts (1889 and 1897) have already rendered immense service, both as a textbook for students of the early Italian language, and as a collection of texts, many of which were otherwise difficult to find; but the need of the promised glossary and grammatical summary was keenly felt. Many scholars, including at one time Professor Monaci himself, began to fear that they should never see the work completed; fortunately, however, the concluding part, now before us, is no mere perfunctory ending, but more than fulfils the promise made at the beginning. Additional texts, representing types not previously included, together with notes, corrections, and the exhaustive grammar and glossary, bring the whole book to more than seven hundred large octavo pages. The texts are both numerous and varied enough to make the grammar and glossary which are based on them comprehensive, and the competence of Professor Monaci for the task is unquestioned. The completed "Crestomazia" now becomes the most important work available for the study of early Italian; and if it does not entirely supersede previous works of the kind, it makes them seem elementary in comparison.

In his works on the life and writings of Cortes and Las Casas, Francis Augustus MacNutt had shown us what to expect of his specially numbered edition, just published, of "De Orbe Novo, the Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghera" (Putnam), translated from the Latin with Notes and Introductions. Peter Martyr was one of the most notable of the many Italians who took up their residence in Spain in the sixteenth century. He played a very important part at the courts of Ferdinand and Charles V. He was a priest, finally an Abbot, a courtier, a diplomatist and ambassador, a soldier, a man of letters, and a scholar. Although not an eye-witness to the Spanish conquest, Martyr had abundant opportunity

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to interview many of the Conquistadores on their return to Spain. He obtained first-hand information of the new country and of its inhabitants. His writings therefore are among the very first in importance on the early history of Spanish America, especially Yucatan. He was the first to give to the world detailed accounts of the discovery of a new continent. His writings are usually most accurate, as, for example, his description in the Fifth Decade of the form of the books used by the natives of the new country. Considering the difficulties of the original Latin, which is sadly mixed with Italian and Spanish forms, the editor has been most successful in his translation. It is a free rendering and is most readable. Frequent notes at the bottom of the pages and a careful index increase its usefulness. A few omissions have been noted in the bibliography of Martyr's writings. The first French edition of the first three Decades published in Paris in 1532 and the late editions in Spanish in 1892 and French in 1897 should be mentioned. It is to be hoped that the editor and translator will continue to bring out further editions of the writings on Spanish America of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Gomara, Oviedo, Remesal, Cogolludo, and Villagutierre are only a few of those whose works might with profit be presented to the general reader.

## Science

*The Depths of the Ocean.* By Sir John Murray and Dr. Johan Hjort. With contributions from Prof. A. Appellof, Prof. H. H. Gran, and Dr. B. Hellend-Hasen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

The mysteries of the ocean, its physical and biological conditions, have long attracted the attention of scientists, but it is only in the last forty years, beginning with the famous Challenger expedition of 1872-76, that extensive and systematic attempts have been made to explore this unknown world. Now many organizations are engaged in the development of the modern science of oceanography.

Foremost among these organizations has been the International Commission for the Scientific Investigation of the North Sea, which was inaugurated in 1899, largely through the activity of Sir John Murray, who had been connected with the Challenger expedition. In 1909, convinced that systematic observations on the Atlantic might throw much light on some of the problems then studied in the more northern seas, he proposed that if the Norwegian Government would lend the exploring ship Michael Sars and her scientific staff for a four months' summer cruise in the North Atlantic, he would pay all the other expenses. The proposal was favorably received, and by the first of April, 1910, the ship was fully equipped and started to sea in charge of Dr. Johan Hjort, Director of Norwegian Fisheries. The book before us, though based largely on the scientific researches of this expedition, is nevertheless a thorough account of modern work along these lines, and will be welcomed by general readers as well as by students of oceanography.

Sir John Murray gives a succinct historical review of oceanographical investigations, from the middle of the fifteenth century, when Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus attempted deep-sea soundings with his spherical bathometer, down to the present. The prominent part which our Government and semi-private organizations in this country have played in this work may justly be a matter of pride to us. Dr. Hjort points out that the progress of oceanography depends to a great extent upon the development of mechanical aids, meaning not only the scientific instruments employed, but also the whole arrangement of the ship itself. In a non-technical manner he therefore discusses the ship and its equipment, comparing modern aids and methods with those of the Challenger expedition. He then takes up in some detail the work and the cruises of the Michael Sars in the ten years that she has been engaged in the oceanographical research and fishery problems in the Norwegian seas.

General chapters on the depths and deposits of the ocean and on physical oceanography are followed by a more detailed discussion of pelagic plant life—the primary source of fish food—and by chapters on fishes from the sea bottom, invertebrate bottom-fauna of the Norwegian Sea and North Atlantic, and on pelagic animal life. Dr. Hjort's final chapter on general biology is a valuable consideration of the adaptation of marine organisms to their environment and an attempt to analyze the distribution of species in relation to their various external conditions.

Nearly six hundred charts and figures, the latter mainly of collecting apparatus and of characteristic animal and plant organisms discussed, will greatly aid the general reader to an understanding of the text. The tables for converting metres into fathoms and for converting degrees of Fahrenheit into degrees of Centigrade will likewise prove helpful. Not only does the book present in a preliminary manner many new and valuable data, but it is to be commended as a trustworthy contemporary epitome of work in an important field of scientific research.

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The Geological Survey has just completed a remeasurement of the heights of mountains within the boundaries of the forty-eight States of the Union. Mount Whitney, in California, with its 14,501 feet, is the highest in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. In Colorado, Mount Massive and Mount Elbert have been found to be 14,402 feet each, or only 99 less than Mount Whitney. Mount Ranier, in Washington, is 14,363 feet, or 138 lower than Mount Whitney and 39 feet lower than its two rivals in Colorado. In Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, and Nevada a number of peaks exceeding 13,000 feet in height have been found.

## Drama and Music

### NOTES ON GERMAN DRAMA.

Gerhart Hauptmann has been deservedly called the poet-voice of contemporary Germany. For no other writer reflects with like directness and intensity the conflicting currents in the emotional and intellectual life of his generation. Every one of that long line of his works, briefly labelled problem plays, deals with questions and situations confronting people whose ethical standards have been unsettled by a new philosophy and whose attempts at living a new life end in hopeless tragedy. He lays bare the network of contradictory motives in which their will is entangled, with an understanding born of personal experience. He himself is the poetic incarnation of a transition type. All his plans lend themselves to speculation concerning the slender thread of actuality that underlies the author's imaginings, and his new drama of the artist temperament, "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" (Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag), is no exception. The plot itself is old, the deserted wife and the discarded mistress furnishing no new situation. The audience is supposed to be moved by the fact that Schilling should be lost to the world as man and as artist, because he is being ruined by these women. But somehow the phrase "am Weibe zu Grunde gegangen" has been heard too often of recent years, and succeeds only in suggesting the pitiful weakness of these popular heroes of modern German drama and fiction. In fact, the Achilles heel of this masculine type is almost ludicrously revealed in the scene where the sturdy and stalwart Maurer, Schilling's sculptor friend, who has just invited his musician sweetheart Lucie to go with him to Greece, suddenly transfers his interest to a new arrival—a change which the sensible girl takes as a matter of course. Sonorous phrases about the Hellenic spirit and Hellenic manhood are current coin to-day. But, surely, Hellenic poets did not set up human weather-vanes as heroes of serious drama. Would that Schilling's tragic words, "Wir sind keine Griechen, mein lieber Junge!" were heeded.

Hermann Bahr, the author of "The Concert," has written another delightful comedy, "Das Tänzchen" (S. Fischer Verlag). It deals with the difficulties brought upon an elderly Junker and member of the German Diet by his embarrassing alliance with a shrewd adventuress who has been admitted into his family as piano teacher of his

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daughter. The Junker, whose name, Joachim von Biest-Zeser, has just been identified with the "lex Biest," providing something like a moral censorship in matters of art, very nearly becomes the victim of extortion and blackmail, when the woman's husband threatens him with exposure. But for the wise council of Lavin, the Jewish millionaire whose son is engaged to Biest-Zeser's daughter, he might have lost his seat in the Diet. The dénouement takes place in the final scene, which is a unique duel of words between the Junker and the blackmailer. But the former issues from it as victor, convincing the other man that he has, after all, more to lose than Joachim von Biest-Zeser, Rittergutsbesitzer, M.D.R. The Junker bribes him by recommending him to Lavin as an unsually shrewd and capable fellow, and thus settles the dangerous claim. The characters are superbly sketched types of certain classes of German society. The Berlin dialect spoken in familiar conversation adds an effective local flavor.

Ludwig Fulda's latest work is a four-act comedy in verse, "Der Seeräuber" (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta). The scene is a country town of Andalusia in the seventeenth century, and the plot hinges upon the romantic hero-worship of a young woman married to Pedro, a wealthy man of staid and commonplace habits. An elderly neighbor of dubious reputation upholds the heroine in her notions, and both women engage in a desperate flirtation with an itinerary mountebank who in his booth on the marketplace parades as a notorious pirate supposed to have perished at sea. But through a beggar who has arrived at the same time, the populace learns that Pedro is the dreaded pirate. To win back his wife, who has eloped with the actor-pretender, the reformed villain, who had settled in this town to enjoy at leisure the spoils of his career of crime, makes a confession, but is arrested, while the elopers are married by the Governor himself. The picturesque setting and the amusing situations furnish an evening of light and charming entertainment.

Wilhelm Weigand's "Könige" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) is a five-act drama of distinct poetical merit. The scene is Cyprus in the fourteenth century and the hero a monarch, dreaming of beauty and listening to music and poetry, oblivious of the danger menacing the kingdom through the approach of the Saracens. His great-uncle, a famous mystic and magician, conjures a vision calculated to rouse the royal conscience. This vision forms a dream-play within the play, in the course of which a peasant pretender wrests the crown from the hero and is about to be proclaimed his successor when the dreamer awakens through the announcement of the Saracens' arrival. He suddenly realizes his neglected responsibilities, summons his warriors, and vows to lead them to victory. The play is a dignified and thoughtful piece of work, but did not at the performances in the spring prove a valuable acquisition of the theatrical repertory.

No less than three works by Max Dauthendey, that one-time weaver of elusive poetical arabesques, have been published and played within the year. The extraordinary circumstance, however, is explained by the success of his play, "Spielereien einer Kaiserin," which so effectively handled the personality of Catherine of Russia. "Der Drache Grauli" (Munich: Albert Langen) is a romantic drama in three acts which, through the part that fate plays in the action, harks back to the "Schicksalsdramen" of the old school, though it presents some original features. The scene is a remote corner of Sweden, the atmosphere of which would make the most improbable incidents plausible. A young man has been driven to suicide by his love for an unscrupulous woman: his friend, with whom this woman is in love, avenges his death. These two, and the old lighthouse-keeper who tells them the grewsome tale of the sea-dragon Grauli, are the sole actors in the drama, the bloody end of which roused the audience to protest. But the work has unusual dramatic strength and some rare poetical touches.

Franz Dülberg's "Cardenio" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is a five-act drama in verse, in which the university milieu of Bolcgna at the beginning of the seventeenth century forms the interesting background for a passionate tragedy of student love. The author tells in the preface that the plot, which is originally that of a Spanish story, had been previously exploited in drama by Andreas Gryphius, Achim von Arnim, and Immermann, but there is an intensity of feeling in the work which proves that the subject had taken an unusually strong hold of the author. He has made his hero something of a modernized Don Quixote, an incarnation of chivalrous righteousness and romantic love. The cosmopolitan student crowd lends itself to an abundance of characters, some of which are very skilfully drawn.

A curious little one-act piece by Robert Scheu is entitled "Der letzte Abend" (Albert Langen). It presents the end of a friendship between two artists, the younger having outgrown the power which the elder wielded over him, and exulting in the breaking of this bond. That friendship meant for him the dawn of a new life, and it had brought him the message of the great, wild, pagan life. When he upbraids the master with having raised in his works the cross, which denies his former aspirations, there is a remote suggestion of the Wagner-Nietzsche case. The development of the conflict is rapid and clear, and the three characters, the master, his wife Cornelia, and Angelus, the seceding disciple, are well drawn.

A. von Ende.

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"Years of Discretion," by Frederick Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton, which has just been produced in the Belasco Theatre, is a piece of very uneven quality. In parts it is excellent light comedy, but occasionally it degenerates into thin and not too decorous farce. Founded upon a valuable theatrical idea, it misses its legitimate effect for lack of a little discretion and good taste. This is a pity, for many of the scenes are written in a vein of pleasant and pertinent satirical humor. The heroine, a rich and comely widow of forty-eight, suddenly revolts against the dulness of a humdrum but useful and honorable existence in a somewhat Puritanical New England atmosphere. She hankers after the excitements and pleasures of the gay world, and resolves to taste them once more before the zest for them is dead in her forever. A life-long friend, a New York society woman, enables her to enter the social lists and provides a selected band of eligible bachelors to meet her. With the expert aid of beauty doctors, hair-dresser, and costumers she is transformed into a vision of youthful loveliness, and is quickly besieged by an anarchistical free lover, an ardent Irishman, and a cosmopolitan clubman, who has long been the envy and despair of the gentle sex. Her flighty conduct strikes dismay into the heart of her strait-laced son, a youth of twenty-four, who is made the butt of his mother and her lovers. It is in the scenes in which this young man is introduced that violence is done to nature, proper feeling, and refinement. She captures the clubman, after an admirably humorous scene in which she confesses to her female confederate that she shall not be able to endure much longer the physical torture—of tight boots, tight lacing, etc.—inseparable from the imposition she is practicing. When the clubman, a great traveller, proposes a journey round the world for a honeymoon, she realizes that she is unequal to the enterprise, and in another excellent scene, which gives the play most of its value and brings it to a fresh and impressive close, makes full confession to her husband, before whom she presently appears in all the comfortable charm of ripe maturity. Thereupon he admits that he, too, has been simulating more youthful energy than he really possesses, and declares his perfect readiness to pursue with her the peaceful joys of middle age. Apart from its more trivial or melodramatic moments, which are inconsistent with the general scheme of the composition, the piece is true comedy, and applies the lash smartly to many current fashionable follies. If the authors had been less eager after cheap laughter and applause, they might have achieved something much more worth while. As it is, the representation owes most of its success to the capital acting of Lyn Harding, Bruce McRae, and Herbert Kelcey among the men, and, especially, of Effie Shannon, who enacted the heroine delightfully. The scenic setting was perfect. No manager knows better than Mr. Belasco how to distract attention from inherent

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dramatic defects by the arts of the producer.

From the purely dramatic point of view, Rutherford Mayne's comedy, "The Drone," performed in Daly's Theatre on Monday afternoon, is not of much importance, for it is somewhat crudely constructed along conventional lines, and is almost devoid of action or effective incident. But it nevertheless has its significance as another brick in the rapidly rising structure of the Irish National Theatre. In characterization and atmosphere it is thoroughly representative of life on a small country farm. If the framework is rickety, the personages, with the single exception of an interpolated Scot, are absolutely lifelike, and all the minor details of their domestic manners and habits extraordinarily veracious. As a bit of genuine Irishry, the whole performance was more convincing, perhaps, than anything done here by the Abbey Theatre players of Lady Gregory, though the representations of the latter were, as a rule, far superior in imaginative quality. The acting of the company, imported by W. A. Brady, was notable for its level excellence and intelligent coöperation.

Charles Hawtrey will begin operations at the London Apollo Theatre on the evening of Thursday, January 9. He will then present George Birmingham's comedy, "General John Regan," in which he plays the part of a genial Irish doctor whose chief mission in life is to settle the affairs of his neighbors. His company, although still incomplete, will include Cathleen Nesbitt, Vane Tempest, H. Winman, and G. W. Fay. Mr. Hawtrey is also in negotiation with Leonard Boyne.

Henry Arthur Jones is writing a series of essays on the subject of the British National Theatre, about which he has definite ideas.

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The latest biography of Wagner, just issued in Leipzig by F. E. C. Leuckart, is by the Norwegian composer, Gerhart Schjelderup, who a few years ago wrote a book on Grieg. It is averred by the publishers that this is the first biography which describes certain episodes in Wagner's life without bias.

One of the principal events of the opera season in Paris is to be the production of Massenet's "Panurge" at the Théâtre de la Gaieté.

Novelties are the order of the day at the Opéra Comique, in Paris. No fewer than eighteen first performances are scheduled for this season, most of them the first anywhere. Among the composers on the list are Rabaud, Tiarko, Pugno, Boulanger, Erlanger, Doret, Morel, Ropartz, Trépard, Laurens, Noguès, Lattès, Ratès, and Bruneau, whose "Les Bacchantes" seems to have scored little more than a *succès d'estime*. Dancing plays a prominent rôle in most of these operas.

After an absence from the concert stage of a number of years, Eugen d'Albert has once more reappeared before the public, and though during that time he devoted his attention exclusively to composition, his technical facility seems in no way to have forsaken him. The revelation of his skill at the piano given in the Liszt and Brahms concerts, which he played recently in Vienna, was such that it comes in the nature of a sensation for the younger generation of concert goers.

The centennial of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, in Vienna, has brought once more to the fore the names of the various conductors who have at one time or another had the famous choral society under their charge. Composers as distinguished as Brahms and Rubinstein are among the number, and for some years Hans Richter directed the concerts. But the name best known to American audiences is that of Wilhelm Gericke, whose conscientious zeal and catholic musicianship were evident in his management of the Boston Symphony Society.

Fritz Kreisler has returned to Europe. He gave 200 recitals last season, and 50 more than that the previous year. Next year he will be back in America, with Paderewski, and it is not unlikely that the two may be heard together in a joint recital. Last summer, at Ragatz, in Switzerland, they played sonatas together daily for several weeks.

# Art

## THE CORCORAN EXHIBIT.

Once in two years the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington removes its permanent collection of paintings to make place for an exhibition of contemporary American art. A particular effort has been made this year by the hanging committee to space each picture, and, with few rare exceptions, to hang only one line of pictures.

Among the pictures which stand out in the exhibition there is one which no visitor will fail to see. Size and position, aside from its quality, give it prominence. It is a full-length portrait of a fencing master, by Gari Melchers. The gloveless hand shows labor, and the high lights on the nose and forehead diminish somewhat the effect of breadth. But these are details insufficient to destroy the total effect of surprising bigness and poise. The same painter shows also a church interior, in which there are fine spontaneity and an altogether delightful realization of light, though success in attaining color is not so marked.

In the same gallery with Melchers's Church Interior is E. C. Tarbell's Children Going to Ride, a rather inadequate picture for Tarbell and not as well composed as another picture, Portrait of a Young Lady, which might have been a preliminary study for it. It the latter a young girl is sitting on the steps of a porch, arranging flowers, her face seen in profile and cut out a little too sharply against the sunlit lawn behind. It is not Tarbell at his greatest, but it is fresh and agreeable in color and is in every respect American. It has refinement and native character.

Among the portraits of the present exhibition those by Cecilia Beaux take a high position. One of these is a portrait of Sereno E. Payne, good, living work, able in character. The other is a portrait of a lady standing in evening cloak and dress. Again the artist has achieved character, this time of a more subtle and elusive kind. The dress and cloak are brilliantly painted. The mass of light color somewhat overpowers the head, and one is not certain of the solidity of the body. The canvas, too, is a little crowded, but America is not overburdened with painters capable of such generally able work.

In the same gallery with Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Sereno E. Payne two other noteworthy portraits are hung. Both are by W. M. Chase, one of his daughter, the other of "Mrs. C." They are highly accomplished work if not such as makes an especially fine or deep appeal. Passages of vivacious painting are in each, yet it cannot be said that the artist has shown his usual good taste. His exhibit also includes one of his celebrated still-life pictures of fish.

The Corcoran Art Gallery is fortunate in having purchased one of the three examples of Frank Benson's work in the present exhibition, a portrait of his daughter seen in a light that radiates upward, a serious piece of work which marks distinctly another phase of the American school. The spectator may quarrel a little with a light that throws the features into such strong relief that he is as conscious of eyes and nose and mouth separately as of the whole head. And yet, when all is said, the picture is representative of the painter, though not indicating the full extent of his vitality.

Since the American note has been a little insisted upon in the present review, to follow it leads naturally to such work as the landscape of Ben Foster, which could not be anything but native work. His Litchfield Hills is as true as it can be, and it gives out a sense of "the good brown earth" in a pensive mood. In his Late Autumn Moonrise the masses of brown fern and dark trees are well composed, and the mystery and melancholy of the moment are felt without being sentimentalized. This is another picture which the Gallery has bought for its permanent collection.

One must be in an adaptable mood to see a true interpretation of nature in the work of Ben Foster and Ernest Lawson at the same time in the same room. The two temperaments are widely different, and yet there is a sensitive spirit in each. Mr. Lawson's landscape is fine in light and color, the clouds not as sure in handling as the earth.

No painter in America to-day deserves more fully the distinguished position which he has won for himself than Alden Weir. It would be impossible for

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a painter to be less gifted with superficial tricks of handling. Clever painting has apparently never made the slightest invasion upon his own methods. One feels in all his work an instinctive dislike of cleverness, a certain antipathy towards the mere suggestion of a false attitude. He is one of the strongest antidotes to the bombastic tendency one is obliged to notice in certain superficial energetic workers. And he has developed a style of painting that is absolutely personal.

His autumn landscape in the present exhibition has simplicity and depth of tone, the reproduction in the catalogue not beginning to do it justice. In his other canvas he has carried his style to the point of mannerism, though here again is the sense of reticent refinement so characteristic of this painter's work.

Before facing a picture by Arthur B. Davies, we have to divest the mind of the idea that painting is necessarily a matter of representation. He uses the human figure and the land and sea, even the glow of moonlight; but it is not the object seen that is to be considered, rather the interpretation of an abstract idea, as nearly akin to music as the limitations of paint will allow. This painter, who employs suggestively primitive, almost archaic terms, is one of our most modern painters. Yet it is hard to find a kindred spirit this side of Botticelli.

E. W. Redfield presents two night pictures, both done in dark-blue tones and both too heavy handed for so subtle a problem. Much better than his night pictures and seen through his own eyes is Mr. Redfield's winter landscape.

The French schools have had an immeasurable effect on modern painting, and from their good and bad influence American art has not escaped. Most of our ablest painters have native quality. Mary Cassatt is a striking exception. She will probably take her place in the history of art as a French impressionist, under which classification she has already been ranked by Camille Mauclair. Miss Cassatt makes no pretence whatever of disguising the sources of her development. A pupil of Degas, she has passed most of her life in France, and her painting has very little in common with other American work.

The point could not be more strikingly brought out than it has been by placing her picture, Children Playing with a Cat, beside a child's portrait by Lydia Emmet. In Miss Cassatt's picture a nude child is sitting on its mother's lap and playing with a cat held by a young girl at her side. The color problem is frankly attacked with a legitimate painter interest that never fails to save these mother-and-baby subjects, so often presented by Miss Cassatt, from being sentimental. In comparison with this canvas, Miss Emmet's picture of a golden-haired girl standing with a bonnet hanging down over her shoulders seems tame and undistinguished—a pretty picture-book child.

Many more justapositions might be cited for the sake of comparison. But it would be difficult to pass by without remark three pictures in Gallery F. Between George Bellows's Polo Crowd and his Beach at Coney hangs John Alexander's The Gossip. The facile elegance of Mr. Alexander's art is not seen to advantage in such close proximity to George Bellows's crude vitality. In the exciting Polo Crowd everything is exaggerated. The work is that of a young painter not yet fully equipped, nor yet near his ultimate goal. Yet every obvious defect seems justified by the extremely exhilarating effect achieved.

In the same gallery hang the two exhibits of Frederick Frieseke, one a characteristic garden scene with two ladies, a Japanese umbrella, and the patterns of sunlight and flowers. His more interesting picture shows a woman standing by an open window hanging a birdcage, the window box and the effect of a conservatory within giving the artist a typical subject. It is a joyous and charming canvas, the woman at the window in a most amusing dress.

A landscape by Willard Metcalf, The Red Bridge, is full of observation, not exactly big in treatment, but delicate, and with more atmosphere than this artist generally attains. Compare it, for example, with his other landscape, which, like so many pictures in the present exhibition, has been seen before in New York. Two autumn-toned trees make a note of warm color at the foot of a hill. The hillside surface is well felt, but the picture lacks air and the shadows of the trees seem colored.

Near The Red Bridge is a typical work by T. W. Dewing. Long ago this artist learned to paint delicate, fragile, minute, beautifully colored *genre* pictures. And if he has repeated himself until his art seems a rather limited specialty this fact should not close the mind to the genuine quality in those pictures which are more than dry methodical repetitions. The present painting, done on a wood panel, is one of that kind, painted apparently with charms and incantations beautiful, elusive, and suggestive, but never frank or vigorous.

To progress so far without mention of the prize-winning pictures at least prevents giving them undue prominence. Childe Hassam won the first prize and the Corcoran gold medal with his New York Window. In addition to this beautiful picture the same artist has here The Bowl of Goldfish, in which color is unusually fresh and luminous. It is a fine specimen of his most felicitous work. The second prize was awarded to Daniel Garber for his Wilderness, a characteristically decorative picture. The artist has used nature rather freely to carry out a design somewhat tritely "idealized." Gardiner Symons has won the third prize with a spacious landscape showing a river with ice breaking, that leads away to hilly country, a good example of his work. The fourth prize went to Carl Nordell for a nude seated figure. The artist is not afraid to attack a difficult problem, though his success with this canvas is only half complete. The figure does not detach well from the background, partly because the local color in the hair is not enough affected by the light that flows over the rest of the figure.

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Tapestries, long neglected, are to-day sought so enthusiastically for museums and private collections that welcome will be given to the encyclopædic "Tapestries, Their Origin, History, and Renaissance" (Lane), by George Leland Hunter. The author, a Harvard graduate, a trained weaver, and experienced writer for an upholstery journal, has studied tapestries in American and foreign collections. Among his previous original contributions is a description of the Metropolitan Museum's Burgundian Seven Sacraments published in the *Burlington Magazine* in 1907. His scholarship is such as to enable him to present an apparently strong case against M. Guiffrey's explanation of the *tapissiers sarrazinois* who made trouble for Parisian workers on the *haute lisse* in 1302, the American writer urging that these "Saracen weavers" were not weavers of other textiles than tapestries, but early practitioners of the low warp weaving that became characteristic of Renaissance tapestry weaving. Lack of literary finish and lucid arrangement makes Mr. Hunter's book hard reading, despite its profusion of alluring information and tempting illustrations. The non-technical reader is confused at the start by frequent reference to technical processes, an explanation of which begins on page 232. Considerable repetition occurs. Thus the nature of the transition from Gothic to Renaissance is touched upon in set phrases in each of several chapters. One seems, in brief, to read a series of magazine articles which, under more liberal use of scissors and blue pencil, might have become a consistent book. This sense is heightened by so obvious a slip as that of referring to M. Jules Guiffrey as if he were still administrator of the Gobelins; whereas he resigned that office several years ago. Important tapestries have lately been acquired at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of which there is no mention, though older possessions are described. These and other minor defects, due presumably to preparing sections of the book at different periods, should be corrected in a later edition.

The merits, meantime, of a work comprehending what is worth knowing about ancient and modern tapestries transcend all limitations of style and make-up. The writer is hopeful for the future of tapestry weaving. He describes the founding and continued success of the first tapestry works in America at Williamsbridge and the subsequent starting of the Herter looms; also

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in New York city. Of the most celebrated of present-day European tapestry manufacturers the statement is made: "I believe it is possible at the Gobelins to revive the art in its pristine vigor if they will deliberately forsake seventeenth and eighteenth-century precedents, and return to sixteenth-century texture and method." With English tapestries produced during and since the nineteenth-century revival of arts and crafts Mr. Hunter is sympathetic. He says of the foremost producer of these tapestries (and the citation fairly illustrates the literary form of the book): "William Morris (1834-96), who founded the tapestry works at Merton, near London, in 1881, was a genius. He had more influence on the industrial arts, I believe, than any other man in the world's history. He actually made the blind see and the lame walk. He changed the whole point of view of thousands who buy art objects, and the methods of many who produce them." The Merton processes, as still continued, are commended to American craftsmen for imitation in preference to those of Paris and Aubusson. "If we ever get down in earnest to the weaving of modern tapestries in arras texture, we shall, like William Morris, go back to the high warp loom and once more compose line drawings in wool and gold and silver, with little silk or none at all." In general, he fully appreciates Gothic tapestries and has no very high opinion of the Renaissance productions.

More "atmospheric" than Mr. Hunter's work is "The Tapestry Book" (Stokes), by Helen Churchill Candee. Its sprightly manner is seen in the dedication "to two certain Byzantine Madonnas and their owners." The author develops many literary relationships which give the reader a sense of the place of tapestries among the arts and their importance as historical documents. "The tale of tapestry," she writes, "is like a vine hanging on a frame of history." Following for the most part facts set forth in French by Michel, Jubinal, Guiffrey, and other writers, she tells a straightaway story, with passing references to social and economic conditions, as well as to the personal influence of monarchs and of such great artists as Memling, the Van Eycks, Raphael, Rubens, and Watteau. Venice and Genoa receive full credit as centres for distributing Renaissance tapestries. There is an amusing description of the patronage of Francis I, "an overdressed, ever-ambitious figure, at the beginning of things modern in French art." The rise and decadence of the Gobelins are traced fluently. Of their possible regeneration Mrs. Candee is apparently skeptical, writing: "Men who have worked in the deadening influence of the Gobelins declare that the factory cannot last much longer. But it is improbable that France —republican France that holds with bourgeois tenacity to aristocratic evidences—will abandon this, her expensive tax, her inheritance of the line of Kings." The Merton, Baumgarten, Herter, and other modern products are commended highly.

Robert Lee MacCameron, an artist known specially for his portraits, died in New York Sunday morning at the age of forty-six. He was born in Chicago, and after various experiences studied painting in Paris under Gérôme. Of late years he has maintained studios in London, Paris, and New York. Among those who have sat to him are President Taft and President McKinley.

D. Jerome Elwell, an American painter, died in Naples on Friday, aged sixty-five. When he was twenty-five years old he went to Antwerp to continue his study of art, and during this period produced two of his best-known works, a View of Antwerp and Dunes of Domberg. After exhibiting his pictures in this country, he went to Venice and since then has lived much of his life abroad.

Jean-Baptiste-Edouard Detaille, probably the best known of modern battle painters, is dead in Paris. He was born in that city in 1848, and, after completing his education in the Paris schools, entered the studio of Meissonier. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1867, his picture representing a corner of Meissonier's studio. To him, military life was, from the first, a principal attraction. At the Salon of 1868 he exhibited the Halt of Infantry, which Edmond About described in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as a "jewel." In 1869 the Repose During the Drill, Camp St. Maur, firmly established his reputation, and he received more commissions than he could execute. During the Franco-Prussian War, Detaille was secretary to Gen. Appert, and did good service in making topographical plans. The Conquerors, exhibited in 1872, and depicting German soldiers carting off furniture from Paris houses, won him a medal, and the following year he received for The Retrait the decoration of chevalier in the Legion of Honor. Among his other notable works are the following: The Passing Regiment, A Reconnoitre, Salute to the Wounded, Bonaparte in Egypt, and French Cavalryman.

# Finance

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE LEGISLATURE.

It can hardly be doubted that the matter of legislation in regard to the Stock Exchange will be brought up in the Legislature of New York State this coming session; with what result, it would be premature to predict. Angry criticism of Stock Exchange methods and practices had become very general, even before the report of Gov. Hughes's committee of 1909 on speculation and the stock exchanges. The bitterness of this criticism is to be explained through various causes. It began with numerous incidents on the Stock Exchange, during the decade past, which caused some extremely indignant comment on Wall Street itself, and even in the Exchange's own membership.

It was intensified by such mixtures of fact and fiction, seasoned high for the general public's palate, as Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." It naturally interwove itself with the prevalent talk about the "Money Trust," and was stirred up to a pitch of undoubted excitement by the hearings of the Pujo Committee of the House of Representatives, whose examination of witnesses, last spring, was directed largely to both real and fancied abuses of the New York Stock Exchange, and which more lately, at Washington, drew forth some rather extraordinary testimony from the chairman of the Stock Exchange's own law committee.

All this, taken along with highly denunciatory articles in many portions of the press, has virtually insured the consideration of possible Stock Exchange regulation and reform through the new State Legislature which convenes at Albany this month. The unfortunate part of the whole pending criticism of financial practices and institutions—not excepting that which has been excited by the "Money Trust" investigation—is that it has been so impregnated with ignorance and misapprehension that, by attacking imaginary evils, it has frequently missed the real evils altogether.

What those real evils are, every intelligent man who has observed the trend of things, in the decade past, is perfectly well aware. Chief among them is the gross manipulation of certain stocks by men with a maximum of financial resources and a minimum of common sense or moral scruple, whose sole purpose has been, on the occasions of their activity, to create a false appearance of heavy, bona-fide buying, and to fix a false level of prices, at which outsiders may be deluded into buying. This abuse, on numerous occasions in recent years, reached proportions which were disgraceful and intolerable, and no doubt exists, in the minds of intelligent thinking men, that it and its kindred evils must be dealt with in a way that will mean real reform. Gov Hughes's committee reported formally in 1909 that it was "convinced that the Exchange can prevent the worst forms of this evil by exercising its influence and authority over the members to prevent them." But, if the Stock Exchange does not fulfil that duty, it will manifestly have put a legitimate weapon into the hands of the advocates of drastic public regulation.

The pity of it is that the pending discussions of the problem, instead of directing its attention to the things that can be and should be reformed, should beat the air with all sorts of haphazard suggestions, based on a superficial glance at the whole Stock Exchange problem. In one of last week's recitals of the necessary basis for dealing with Stock Exchange reform, what were described as the three "monumental facts" were set forth—that the Exchange is unincorporated, that "it is permitted by law to practice usury," and that it is the only place in New York where gambling contracts can be enforced by law. One may easily perceive how this indictment would appeal to the minds of the uninformed; yet nothing could be more spe-

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cious and nothing could more utterly have ignored the path to correction of the real abuses.

The Exchange is unincorporated, and so virtually all other exchanges are and have always been; for although the Paris Bourse is a quasi-governmental institution, and although it is styled the "company of agents de change," the power to discipline members is lodged with the elected governors as in the case of other stock exchanges. The report of Gov. Hughes's committee, even while intimating the possible future necessity for requiring incorporation, pointed out that the resultant submission to the courts of cases of wrongdoing in the membership of our own Stock Exchange "would involve delays and technical obstacles which would impair discipline without securing any greater measure of substantial justice."

One is tempted to inquire how much consideration has been given to this important fact by the cocksure advocates of overnight reform. To say that the Stock Exchange "is permitted to practice usury" not only puts the cart effectively before the horse, but makes no account whatever either of reason for the exemption of demand loans from the 6 per cent. restriction or of its practical effect. That the exemption applies to all sorts of negotiable instruments, as well as to Stock Exchange collateral; that, in a money market emergency, it favors the borrower as much as it does the lender; that nobody, in or out of the Stock Exchange, is compelled to borrow on such a basis; that the borrower adopts this recourse because he can pay off his loan at will to-morrow, instead of paying interest during a month or more, and that the system of call loans flourishes on the Stock Exchange primarily because of the system of daily settlement of accounts—these are treated as wholly immaterial considerations.

As for the enforcement of "gambling contracts," it will hardly be disputed that plenty of Stock Exchange operations fall morally under such a category. But exactly the same thing may be said of any speculative market and of every other industry. Whether the buying of real estate for a rise on borrowed money, or the contracting to deliver at a future date grain or building material which the contractor does not to-day possess, but which he believes he will be able to get at a lower price than to-day's, does or does not differ in morality from similar undertakings with investment securities, is surely a question worthy of sane consideration.

The problem, in other words, is not whether certain admitted practices and tendencies on the Stock Exchange do not need correction, but whether the way to correct them is to conduct a campaign of so blind and sweeping a character as to miss all the genuine points at issue. Perhaps, in the subsequent course of the discussion, some intelligent suggestion will emerge as to how the known and recognized evils, which were part of the rank and unwholesome growth of financial exploitation in the past dozen years, can be dealt with by themselves.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach de Gotha. 1913. Lemcke & Buechner.

Bridges, Robert. Poetical Works, excluding the Eight Dramas. Frowde.

Daugherty, L. S. and M. C. Principles of Economic Zoölogy. Part I. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.25 net.

Eugenic Record Office, publications. Memoir No. 1, The Hill Folk, by F. H. Danielson and C. B. Davenport; No. 2, The Nam Family, by A. H. Estabrook and C. B. Davenport; Bulletin No. 1, Heredity of Feeble-mindedness, by H. H. Goddard; No. 4, Inheritance in Epilepsy, by C. D. Davenport and D. F. Weeks; No. 5, Heredity of Insanity, by A. J. Rosanoff and F. I. Orr; No. 6, The Trait Book, by C. B. Davenport; No. 7, The Family-History Book, by C. B. Davenport; Heredity in Mental Diseases, by H. A. Cotton, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

Gosse, Edmund. Portraits and Sketches. Scribner.

Kipling Reader for Upper Grades. D. Appleton.

McConnell, F. J. The Increase of Faith. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Massinger, Philip. (Masterpieces of the English Drama.) Edited by L. A. Sherman. American Book Co.

Oman, C. W. C. Wellington's Army, 1809-1814. Longmans. $2.10 net.

Russell, A. G. B. The Engravings of William Blake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.

Sharman, Lyon. The Horse that Educated the Children. Winnipeg: The Author.

Smart, G. T. The Temper of the American People. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Streightoff, F. H. The Distribution of Incomes in the U. S. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.

Walton, Perry. The Story of Textiles. Boston, Mass.: Walton Advertising and Printing Co.

Wren, P. C. Dew and Mildew. Longmans. $1.35 net.


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